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DRAMATIC SCENES

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

BARRY CORNWALL.

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" I remember one said there were no sallets in the " lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the " phrase that might indite the author of affection: but " called it an honest method."——HAMLET.

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PREFACE.

ONE object that I had in view, when I wrote these 'Scenes,' was to try the effect of a more natural style than that which has for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.

I have endeavoured to mingle poetical imagery with expressions of natural emotion: but it has been my wish, where the one seemed to jar with the other, that the former should give place to the latter. In this spirit I have ventured to let several passages, little interesting perhaps otherwise than as a representation of human dialogue, remain.

It may be observed, that several parts touching upon description are merely poetical, and such as men, in the general course of life, might never use. Let it be recollected, however, that the persons on whom these passages have been imposed, existed in

ages more chivalrous than the present; and when men were apt to indulge in all the extravagances of romance.*

Two Stanzas, written by a friend, are prefixed to this Book. I would have left them, as I safely might, to ingratiate themselves with the reader, had they not involved a compliment to me. To readers of poetry, it will scarcely be necessary to say that these little offerings are merely friendly.

One word more. I have touched neither upon politics nor polemics: and if an occasional sentence should seem to bear upon either of those subjects, it is contrary to my wish, and I disclaim the inference.

---

* The second scene in 'Werner' forms an exception to my plan of dialogue. It is a mere soliloquy.

[By a Friend of the Author.]

TO ROMANCE.

Beautiful Spirit, who dost sit at eve
Within thy tapestried hall of shield and spear,
Upgazing where the dying sun-beams leave
The heaven in crimson—on thy cheek a tear,
Like dew upon the red rose, quivering, clear—
From thy pale brow half raised thy nun-like hood—
Thy ruby lip half opened, as to hear
Some floating music of the sky or wood—
Come, sweet Romance! from thine enchanted solitude.

Not for myself I woo thee now to stand
Beside the harp! Loved Spirit, spread thy wings
Of veiling splendour over one whose hand
Wakes its first music from the golden strings;
For he is thy true votary, and clings
To thy fallen altar with a love sublime,
And brings a gift of wild and witching things
From glorious Greece, from the Italian prime,
A coronal of gems from the rich depths of time.

G. C.

CONTENTS.

Dramatic Scenes.

	Page
The Two Dreams	1
Ludovico Sforza	13
Lysander and Ione	29
Juan	41
Love cured by Kindness	57
The Way to Conquer	75
Werner	87
The Return of Mark Antony	99
The Broken Heart	111

Miscellaneous Poems.

A Dream	127
Cromwell	138
A Haunted Stream	134
Stanzas	140
The Magdalen	150
Wishes	151
Flowers	153
Serenade.—(Twilight)	*ib.*
To ———	155
A Song	157
To a Child	158
Woman	160
Rosamund Gray	161
Sonnets. To Michael Angelo	162
To ——— (1817)	163
Imagination	164
Winter	165
A Fresh Morning	166

THE TWO DREAMS.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to-night she saw.....
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent.

JULIUS CÆSAR, *Act II. Scene 2.*

And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,---they speak
Like sybils of the future.

LORD BYRON---*The Dream.*

THE TWO DREAMS.

[This sketch is founded on a tale of Boccaccio. Gabriello, a young gentleman of Brescia, was privately married to the daughter of a nobleman there. Andreana (which was her name) excluded him one night from her society. On his remonstrance afterwards, she related to him a dream; and he, at the moment of relating another, (intending to show her the fallacy of dreams,) fell dead.]

GABRIELLO, ANDREANA. *(A Garden.)*

Gabr. Come hither, Andreana: you and I
Have lived in Brescia here, as lovers—nay,
Husband and wife, full three years now; or more.
And. 'Tis more.
Gabr. You're right, sweet: 'tis so. In that time
I never failed to see you at the hour
We fixed for meeting: if 'twere fine, 'twas well;
If cold, my love was warm: if stormy, I
Wrapped my cloak round and smiled, for *you* were safe:
And when the piping winds of winter blew
Sleet and the drenching rain against me, and

On high the fighting elements cast out
Their sheeted fires, 'twas something cheerful, still,
To think of the after-welcome you would give me.
But these are trifles.

And. Not to me: I know
How constant you have been, love: have I not
Confess'd it often?

Gabr. Often.

And. Well, then, why
Remind me thus, thus—harshly (for you did)
Of what I own so gratefully?

Gabr. Andreana!
Last night, 'tis said (the only night when I,
Since our sweet marriage, have been barred from you)
The young Count Strozzi visited——your father:
Was't not so?

And. Yes.

Gabr. And why was I excluded?

And. I had a silly trouble on me: you
Will laugh when I shall tell you of't; (I hope
You *will* laugh) I have had—a dream; sit closer,
And press your palm 'gainst mine—that's well: but you
Have quite forgot your usual kiss.

Gabr. There.

And. Oh!
You press my lip too hard.

Gabr. I'll try again.

And. Pshaw! but laugh at me now, dear. I have had

A horrid dream: methought we lay together,
Beside this splashing fountain: it was night,
A sultry night, and over head the stars
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies:
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,
Orion's centre star mov'd then.
Gabr. Away,
You idle girl.
And. Keep your eye fix'd.
Gabr. Go on.
And. Well!—I was lying then, as I am now,
Within your arms. How sweet Love's pillow is!
I looked at you and smiled: I spoke, but you
Were silent as from fear, and now and then
Heaved a deep sigh and trembled: Still the stars
Went 'round and 'round, their circles lessening
At each revolve:—At last one reached the point
Right o'er your head, and sank—Another came
And sank in darkness—then another died.
Orb after orb came rolling in its round,
As though impelled within your influence, and
Died like the first.—Saturn alone (he was
Your natal star) blazed sullenly aloof:
At last *he* staggered with a hideous noise,
As though a globe were cracking, and his rings
Shook, and look'd white about him, and a light
Came streaming from his sphere.—But why tell this?

He died with the rest, at last:—Then I——

Gabr. Awoke?

And. No, no.—Would that I had: Now listen, love!
Attentive too.

Gabr. I rest upon your words:
You tell a dream so prettily.

And. I thought
That when the last star died, a thundering sound
Was heard i' the air,—like groans, and horrid laughs,
And shrieks and syllables—in an unknown tongue:
And over us, vast wings, that might have borne
The lost archangel in his wanderings,
Floated—and once they touched me, (but you lay
Beside me, so I felt no fear.) At last
There rose a shadowy thing from out your body
And stood *in silence* by you. It was not
Flesh, no, nor vapour; but it seem'd to be
A dismal compound of the elements,
Huddled by chance together, ere the form
Of man was fashioned into beauty, and
Like a most loathsome and unfinished thing
Flung aside for ever.

Gabr. So,—what happened then?

And. Why then the thing hung over you: You screamed
And struggled painfully, but it laugh'd, and flapp'd
Its chilling wings, and breathed on you—Then you
Lay still—

Gabr. Proceed.

And. And then the dark earth yawned,
And there came out blue fires, and sounds of torture,
Curses and shrieks—then solitary laughs;
The creature seized you roughly in its arms,
(I could not hold you, dear Gabriello,) and
Sprung with you into the gulf—and then I 'woke.

Gabr. And is this all?

And. Is't not enough? alas!

Gabr. Shame, silly girl! look up, and kiss me.—So;
The ghost you see has never harmed my lip,—
And your's grows sweeter daily.

And. Oh! you flatterer:
You do the same to others.—You were called
A gallant youth before I knew you.

Gabr. Aye.
But not since, Andreana. I have lost
My name for gallantry now, (a serious thing,
Alas, alas!) I have a mind to grieve
As you did 'bout the dream.

And. Ah! why will you
Bring that back to my memory: Let us talk
Of something else.

Gabr. Why then about *my* dream;
For I've dreamt too, and 'twas a terrible dream,—
Yet I am here to laugh at 't.

And. When did't happen?

Gabr. Last night.

And. Was't of yourself?

Gabr. I'll tell you soon,
Dearest: I dreamt—
And. Was't—was't about the stars?
Gabr. No, no, you coward: I—
And. Now, as I live,
Orion's lights are out.
Gabr. Your eyes grow dim:
Look! there they are: there—
And. Ah! they're come again.
Gabr. Well! as you please.—I thought I had a fawn,
White, and as spotless as the snow that lies
On inaccessible hills: I thought I loved
This fawn, as I love you, sweet.
And. Ah! so much?
Gabr. Why haply not; but *much*, that's certain:—So,
To keep the pretty thing secure, I bought
A collar of gold and lock'd it round its neck,
Which fast'ning to me by a chain, I roamed
For exercise i' the forest. The silly deer
Frolick'd and tossed its antler'd head about,
And lick'd my hand at times, and then 'twould browse
On thyme, and odorous herbs: at last (fatigued)
I sate upon a hillock, that arose
'Neath a wild orange-tree, and plucked some flowers
To make a coronet for my horned fool;
And flung a leaf or two, at times, upon it.—
These it would take in 'ts mouth, but liking not
The taste, cast them away, and then would run

In sportive anger toward me. This did waste
Some time. At last——

And. What was the end?

Gabr. You are
Impatient, sweet!—while I was busy with
My garland, the chain shook, and there came forth
A sob, like sorrow from my pretty fawn:
I look'd. Its ears were pricked up, and its eyes
(From which a tremulous light came) seemed to start
From th' head: the slight limbs trembled, and the flanks
Heaved up and down as though it had been chased;
The fore 'egs were stretch'd out; the hinder, bent
Beneath its delicate body.

And. Yes,—go on:
Then ——

Gabr. A black greyhound bitch, then, started forth:
Lean 'twas, and like a wolf.

And. But black?

Gabr. Yes, black
As winter nights are, when the heavy cloud
Do curtain up the stars.

And. I do not like
The colour.

Gabr. Nor the dog, sweet,—as you'll see:
The dog ran towards me.

And. Towards the fawn, you mean.

Gabr. Towards me, my Andreana: that *was* odd.

And. But all dreams are you know.

Gabr. They are: I like
To hear you talk thus: some half hour ago,
And you'd have conjur'd something terrible
From this slight dream.
And. True, true,—but, for the story.
Gabr. The dog ran tow'rds me, with outstretched jaws,
From which the white foam trickled; its red tongue
Was curled within its mouth, and every tooth
Stood bare and grinning at me.—Then I shook.
And. Afraid, my love?
Gabr. Why, somewhat frightened; for
I had no power to move: Then the beast sprung
Against my heart, (by heaven! I felt a pain
As though a dagger struck me,) and it seized
My side,—my left side here,—and gnawed its way
In a moment to my heart: the blood gushed out,
And once, methought, so freely that the dog
Was blinded with it, but he shook 't away
And came with fiercer appetite.—At last,
Now hearken, love!
And. I do, I do.
Gabr. At last—
And. What then?
Gabr. I—
And. Ha! speak quickly; then—
Gabr. I 'woke. [*Laughing.*
And. Ha-ha-ha-ha: I'll punish you for this;
And this is really all?

Gabr. In truth 'tis all.
Is't not enough—will you have more?
And. No, no.
Gabr. Now, Andreana, learn how little hath
A dream to do with life, and yet life is
Itself a dream perhaps;—with me it hath
Been happy, for young Andreana's mine;
Yet—not a dream, for that were bad indeed
Should all our hopes be frail,—evanishing
With the coarse mould that pens the spirit up:
Oh, no, the spirit's immortal, sure. How fine
And marvellous the subtile intellect is.
Beauty's creator! it adorns the body
And lights it like a star: It shines for ever.
And like a watch-tower, to the infidel
Shows there's a land to come.
And. How grave you are.
Gabr. Something oppresses me. I'll blow 't away.
There—look, 'tis gone—oh!——
And. What's the matter, love?
Gabr. Oh! Andreana. Here—so—clasp your arms
About me, love—my life's departing—quick—
Closer—oh! close—press harder, sweet—the blood
Is running from my heart.—
And. Oh! Gabriello,—
Speak, speak—do not look so. Nay—
Gabr. My love—ah!— [*Die*,
And. So, that's well:

You're easier now,—do you feel faint? Alas!
He swoons—I'll scoop some water from the fountain,
And kiss him into life again: I never
Saw him thus ill before,—Gabriello!
Dear Gabriello! Now this is pretence:
I know it.—Ha!—he's dead.

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholy thought I'll frame
Her figure 'fore me. Now I have it---how strong
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me.

WEBSTER---*The White Devil, Act III.*

Evad. Stay, sir, stay:
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER---*The Maid's Tragedy, Act I*

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

[This sketch is founded partly on a fact in Italian history. Ludovico Sforza was the uncle of the young Duke of Milan, and was present at his marriage with Isabella, grand-daughter of the king of Naples. Sforza was much struck with the beauty of Isabella; and it was supposed that he caused his nephew, Galeazzo, to be poisoned. The last scene, which occurs after the lapse of a year, is imaginary.]

SCENE I. *A Street.*

DUKE OF MILAN, LUDOVICO SFORZA.

Duke. And this proud lady, was she chaste as fair?

Sforza. Pure as the flame that burnt on Dian's altar,
And lovely as the morning.—Oh! she stood
Like one of those bright shapes of fabling Greece,
(Born of the elements,) which, as they tell,
Woo'd mortals to their arms. A form more beautiful
(Houri or child o' the air) ne'er glanced upon
A poet's dream, nor in Arabian story
Gave promise of that vaunted paradise.
Not they, who, from the stars, look watchfully
Upon the deeds of men, and oft, 'tis said,

Dart, like a vapour, from their wheeling orbs
In streaming splendour hither, to redress
Or guide, were lovelier. Her voice was sweet
And full of music, and did bear a charm
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute,
Caught afar off,—and which the idle winds
Of June, through wantonness at eve, do fling
O'er banks and beds of flowers—

Duke. What! have you done, my lord?

Sforza. Extravagant boy,
Art not content? Well, I could say for ever.
Her step? 'twas light as Dian's, when she tripp'd
Amidst her frolic nymphs, laughing, or when
Just risen from the bath, she fled in sport
'Round oaks and sparkling fountains,
Chas'd by the wanton Oreades: Her brow
Pale as Athenian marble, but around it
Grew fillets, like the raven's wing: Her mouth
(Jove would have kissed 't) did keep as prisoners
Within its perfum'd gates, pearls more rich
Than Cleopatra got from Antony:
Her eyes, and one might look on them at times,
In lustre did outvie that Egyptian queen,
When, on the Cydnus' banks, in pride, she stuck
Rare gems (each one a province) in her hair,
And bade the Roman worship her.

Duke. And she
Is dead? [ISABELLA *appears at a win*

Sforza. Dead—dead. No—what is this?
Fair vision—

Duke. Uncle! look upon her:—there—

Sforza. [*Abstractedly.*] What, can the grave give up its habitant?
Or have the sheeted dead a power at will
To visit us, and claim their wonted guise;
And from that eager reveller, the worm,
Regain their fleshy substance—his fair spoil?
It is herself—and can the mouldering eye
Resume its lustre; and when death has drawn
His filmy veil around it, sweep't away?

Duke. My lord!

Sforza. I've heard, and some believe't, that when
The soul doth quit its prison here, 'tis checked
At times—Look! [*Isabella leaves the window*

Duke. Uncle!

Sforza. So.——She's vanished, then.

Duke. 'Tis Isabella.

Sforza. How!

Duke. It is my love.

Sforza. No more—

Duke. I thought you'd seen her picture, sir.

Sforza. I have, I have;—no, no,—I wander,—never.
This is the very mockery of the dead.
—And this is your bride, Galeazzo?

Duke. Yes.

Sforza. She's very fair.——You knew her face before.

But ne'er confess'd it?

Duke. I was fearful lest
I should have many rivals.

Sforza. 'Tis enough:
The door opens.—

Enter Isabella, *attended*, Piero de Medici, *and others*

Duke. My sweetest Isabella! you have rested
Well after your long journey? Fatigue seems loth
To harm you; and your eyes are spared, I see,
For many a Milan conquest.

Isab. There's but one
My duty bids me look to.

Duke. And your heart?

Isab. And—and my heart.

Duke. Indeed? [*They ta*

De Med. My lord, my lord!

Sforza. Ha! good De Medici! welcome.

De Med. Thanks, dear Sforza;
I thought you'd not have marked me. Is your mood
Always so very contemplative?

Sforza. O no!
'Tis the fair princess——But my nephew has
Forgot me: Galeazzo, may I ask,
(When you're at leisure,) that you'll make me known
To your sweet bride?

Duke. O! my dear uncle, pardon;
This is my guardian, dearest Isabel:
My father, I should say—I pray you love him

Sforza. Ludovico Sforza, lady, and your knight;
If you will own so poor a one.

Isab. Thanks, sir.

De Med. He is a dangerous man, my princess, for
I saw him gazing on you——

Sforza. How!—

De Med. As though he'd found
A star, and was under the influence of
The planets.

Sforza. Pr'ythee——but the princess has
Not seen the Alps by day-light: Turn your eyes
Here, madam; Look! methinks their snowy crowns
Shine radiantly as they had seen the sun.

Duke. The very hills give welcome to my love!
And every thing seems happy, now, but most
The heart of Milan.

Isab. Oh! take care, my lord,
You'll spoil me else, I fear.

Sforza. This day looks like
The holiday of Nature, madam, and you
The queen of't.

Isab. Pray—no more.

Duke. No more then. Now—
Now for our marriage: blush not, for by this blue
And bending canopy, there's nought so fair
As thee, my own sweet bride; and none so happy
As now the Duke of Milan. Come,

Sforza. I'll follow. [*Exeunt.*

She's gone—and it is night. What! shall I in
My age be follying? and this puny boy
To cheat his tutor—It may please him now
To reign in Milan—no, no, that's my care.
Oh! what an eye she has: It is not likely
She will live quiet here: Her look forbids it.
She will be Duke: And I —— Now had I been
The same Ludovico Sforza who did win
(Some twenty years ago) the prize at Florence,
Perhaps she might have loved me: Out on't, I
Grow foolish in my age. My love—that I
Might conquer, or my ambition: Oh! but here
Both spur me on.—Whither, no matter; I
Am borne upon the wings of fate to do
Some serious act, or thus it seems, and will
Not quarrel with my destiny. I'll think on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room, with a Banquet.*

ISABELLA.

Time lags, and slights his duty. I remember
The days when he would fly.—How sweet they were:
Then I rebuked his speed, and now—and now
I drench his wing with tears. How heavily
The minutes pass. Can he avoid me? Oh!
I almost wish—and yet that must not be
Hark, hark! I hear a step come sounding through

The hall. It *is* the—murderer, Sforza. Now,
Rise up my heart in thy own strength, and do
Thy act of justice bravely. So.

Enter SFORZA.

Sforza. My love!—
Oh! my delight, my deity! I am come
To thank you for being gracious. I am late?

Isab. Oh! no: you are in time, my lord.

Sforza. You look
But sad, my Isabella: let me hope
No ill has happened: nothing, sweet, to sway
Your promise from me?

Isab. Be assured of that—
My soul—I mean that—Ah! you're grave: Well! you
Have cause to chide me, but my spirits have
Been faint to-night at times. I'll do my best
To entertain you as you merit.

Sforza. Far
Better, I hope, my Isabel.

Isab. Your grace
May challenge any thing: Report has been
So lavish in its favors tow'rd you, that
All hearts *must* fain be yours. Even I, you see,
Although a widow, not divested of
Her sorrows quite, am here i' the midst of tears,
To smile (like April) on you: But you'll grow
To vanity, sir, unless some stop be put
To your amorous conquests. I must do't.

Sforza. You shall,
You shall, my Isabella.
Isab. Sir, I will.
You shall be wholly mine—till death. I have,
As yet, been full of miseries: they have swelled
My heart to bursting. You shall soothe me.
Sforza. How?
Isab. We'll find a way——Nay, not so free, my lord;
I must be won with words, (though hollow,) smiles
And vows, (although you mean them not,) kind looks
And excellent flattery. Come, my lord, what say you?
I'm all impatience.—
Sforza. Oh! what can I say?
Thou art so lovely to me, that my words
Must sound like cheats to many. They of whom
The poets told, men say, were shadows, and
So they will swear of thee.
Isab. Alas! my lord,
I have no patronage——
Sforza. But I will have
Your name recorded in the sweetest verse,
And sculptors shall do honour to themselves
And their delicious art, by fashioning thee;
And painters shall devise for us a story,
Where thou and I, love, shall be seen reclining,
Thou on my arm—
Isab. A happy thought.
Sforza. And in

The guise of the throned Juno; I as Jove,
In his diviner moments, languishing
Beneath thy look.

Isab. She was a shrew, my lord,
(That queen o' the heavens,) and I——

Sforza. Then thou shalt be
Like her, who, in old inimitable tales,
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And ruis'd to Dis' throne: Methinks she was
A beautiful prophecy of thee; and there
Mountains shall rise, and grassy valleys lie
Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods (their leaves just *touched*
With light,) shall bend 'fore some faint westering wind,
And bow to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more? Oh! you
Shall kneel and pluck the flow'rs, and look aside,
As hearkening; and—*I* will be there, (a god,)
Rushing tow'rds thee, my sweet Proserpina.

Isab. An ugly story.

Sforza. How, sweet?

Isab. You would take me
To—Hell, then. Pardon me, my lord, I am
Not well. Come, you must honour me, and taste
Of my poor entertainment.

Sforza. Willingly.

Isab. We'll be alone.

Sforza. 'Tis better. I have now [*They feast.*

No appetite for common viands; yet
I'll drink to thee, my queen.
Isab. This is
A curious wine, my lord; and like those drops
Sought by philosophers, (the life elixir,)
Will make you immortal.
Sforza. Give it me, my love.
May you ne'er know an hour of sorrow.
Isab. Ha!
Stay, stay; soft, put it down.
Sforza. Why, how is this?
Isab. Would—would you drink without me? Shame upon you!
Look at this fruit: a sea-worn captain, who
Has sailed all 'round the world, brought it me from
The Indian islands, and the natives, there,
Do worship it. This—
Sforza. 'Tis a luscious taste?
My nephew (when he lived) was fond of a fruit
That's not unlike it.
Isab. Thanks, ye spirits of vengeance! [*Aside.*
Now you shall taste the immortal wine, my lord,
And drink a health to Cupid.
Sforza. Cupid, then.
He was a cunning god: he dimmed men's eyes,
'Tis prettily said i' the fable. But my eyes
(Yet how I love!) are clear as though I were
A stoic. Ah!—

Isab. Ha! what's the matter, sir?

Sforza. The wine is cold.

Isab. You'll find it warmer, shortly.
It is its nature, as I'm told, to heat
The heart.——My lord, I read but yesterday,
Of an old man, (a Grecian poet,) who
Devoted all his life to wine, and died
O'the grape: methinks 'twas just.

Sforza. 'Twas so. This wine——

Isab. And stories have been told of men, whose lives
Were infamous, and so their end: I mean
That the red murderer has been murdered, and
The traitor struck with treason: He, who has let
The orphan perish, came himself to want:
Thus justice, and great God have ordered it;
So that the scene of evil has been turned
Against the actor in't; black thoughts arison
And foiled the schemes of fierce imaginers;
And—*poison given for poison.*

Sforza. Oh! my heart!

Isab. Is the wine still so cold, sir?

Sforza. Oh! I burn
Some water. I burn with thirst. Oh! what is this?

Isab. You're pale: I'll call for help.—Moro!

Servants enter.

Isab. Bind that man
To his seat.

Sforza. Traitress!

Isab. Now begone.——My lord! [*Servants exeunt.*
I'll not deceive you: you have drank a draught
Will send you from this world.
Sforza. My heart, my heart!
Traitress!——I faint—faint—ah!—
Isab. I would have done
My act of justice yet more mildly on you;
But 't could not be. I felt that you must die
For my sake, for my boy, and Milan. You
Murdered my lord and husband. Stare not. 'Tis
A melancholy truth. You have usurped
The first place in the dukedom, and swept all
My child's rights to the dust. What say you, sir?
Do you impeach my story? While you've time,
Give answer to me—— [*He dies.*
You are silent——Then
You are condemned for ever. I could grieve
Almost to see you with that marble look.—
Alas! that neck which bore the ducal chain,
That hand the coronet, both bending once
Tow'rd shouting slaves, are fixed now: His eye
Is motionless. How like those forms he looks,
That sit in stony whiteness over tombs,
Memorials of their cold inhabitants.
Speak! are you grown to stone? What can you say
In your defence, sir? Turn your eyes from me:
Villain! how dare you look at me? You shall
Be amorous no more.—Away: Must I

Rouse you? How idly his arms hung.—Turn your eyes
Away. I dare not touch him—yet I must.
Ha! he is dead—dead. So, by me.——Sweet heaven!
Forgive me; I'm a widow—broken-hearted;
A mother, too—and 'twas for my child. I—
I—was not in my nature cruel, but
Yon bloody man did press so hardly on us;
He would have torn my pretty bird from me:
(I had but one)—what could I do? There was
No other way.—And this is blood for blood.

LYSANDER AND IONE.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair?.....
Oh! if you have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where.

MILTON.---*Comus.*

But she
Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the soul that feeds on souls tormenting:
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born,
Love is nobility.---

SPENSER.---*Britain's Isle.*

LYSANDER AND IONE.

[This sketch is altogether imaginary, and is an endeavour to communicate to a pastoral something of the interest of a common dialogue.]

LYSANDER, IONE. *(A Wood.)*

Lys. Now sit.

Ione. Where?

Lys. On this broken stump, here; see,
The embroiderer, Moss, hath wrought you a golden seat.

Ione. How! on the moss?

Lys. Aye; for, when nature dresses,
It fills its part well; therefore, honour it:
There seems a kindly feeling in't, as though
A spirit of goodness peep'd from out the earth
To shield decay.

Ione. So, there: Now kneel and worship.

Lys. I will: but first look at your bower; behind

Are hazel boughs: Lean on them, sweet, they will
Clasp you like love: and what a canopy is
This scented lime! kings have not such above 'em.
And hark! how midst its shivering leaves, the wind
Makes amorous noises; ('tis Favonius, hark!
Murmuring amongst the blossoms;) then below,
There is a carpet for your delicate feet,
Wove in Vertumnus' loom.

Ione. 'Tis a sweet place.

Lys. Aye, Iris has been here, beloved; she
Is the Spring's almoner, you know, and flings
Unto the subject world, dyed flow'rs, and sweets,
With prodigal hand: Is it not strange that some
(Ungrateful) shun her favours? but we've felt them;
And never more than now.

Ione. How know you that?

Lys. Oh! well; your eye doth tell it. We will meet
To-morrow, early: and I'll show you all
The secrets of the forest. Every dell
And shady nook and cave, o'ergrown by leaves,
We'll visit: and, perhaps, we may surprise
A wood-nymph sleeping.

Ione. This to me?

Lys. Why—yes:
For then I'll show to you what charms I can
Gaze at, unheeding.

Ione. No, no.

Lys. Yes, you will:

And I will be your guard, my beauty: aye,
And, as we ramble through the wood, I'll teach
How you may shun the briery paths, and pass
The thorn untouched, and you shall see me take
The monster thistle by the beard, (lest it
Should harm *you*,) and we'll hearken to the song
Of the shrill, mounting, lark: list! our own bird,
The nightingale, petitions you: her voice
Was ever resistless: now you'll come?

Ione. No.

Lys. Yes.

Ione. Be not too sure, Lysander.—Foolish boy!
To give your heart to me—to me, who am
A spirit of the element.

Lys. You are
A goddess to my gaze; and you shall be.
Queen o' the elements.

Ione. Nay, but I *am*
One of old Nereus' daughters, youth, and live
Within the seas; (albeit, at times, I stray
Amongst your woods and fountains;) my green home
Is where the mariner's plummet never sounded—
Beneath the fathomless deep. The dolphins there
Sport not, nor dares the huge leviathan
Lash with his sinewy arms the waters, which
Form temples, and towers, and pillars, and chrystal shrines,
And spurry caverns where the sea-maids hide,
And homes for all the ocean deities.

It is a sacred place, and beautiful;
Such as you see in dreams, when hope is fresh
And sleep both charms and cherishes.
Lys. Pretty maid!
This is the gayest tale—
Ione. Believe't, Lysander.
But come—as you have loved me long, have you
Not framed a song for me? Have you not sung
O' nights by sparkling streams, and vow'd my face
Was clear as Dian's?
Lys. Often—often—
Ione. Indeed!—
What did you call me?—Ah! shame on you: well,
Call me—Ione.
Lys. Sweet Ione! Fair
And beautiful Ione! oh, but cold
As your blue element, when the wintry moon
Hovers above't: Ione—what a name!
And it is yours?
Ione. Aye, youth! and you must sing
One of your forest songs to it.
Lys. Then listen,
And lay your white arm 'midst the branches—thus:
(Sweet contrast!) and your head against this trunk:
And clear your marble forehead from those thick
And shadowy tresses. So—your eye bent tow'rds me—
How bright it is! and like the glow-worm's light
Shines most methinks in darkness. Listen now,

But 'tis a melancholy song: 'twas framed
When once I thought I had lost you—

Now, by Night!
I swear I love thee, dulcinte Ione!
And when I press my pillow ('tis a grave)
My soul is sick with love. My brain
Teems with strange phantasies. If I sleep,
Thou, like a spirit from the stars,
Standest before me. I have seen thee come
In pale and shadowy beauty,
And, floating between me and the cloudless moon,
Stretch forth thy white arms, that (like silver vapours)
Scarce dull'd the planet's brightness.
And thou didst smile, and breathe upon my heart,
As if to heal the scars of sorrow—
('Twas like Arabian sweets, but cold as death.)

I lov'd thee, fair Ione!
Not as a lover; nor as parent—friend—
Brother—or child. It was a feeling
Sacred—and strange—unearthly; born
Of some unutterable fancy, that,
Like an intense beam o' the meridian sun,
Shot on my brain.
I thought thou wast my better angel, doom'd
To guide me through this solitary life,
To some far-off immortal place,

Where spirits of good assemble, to keep watch
Till the foundations of the earth shall fail.
——— I lov'd thee as became mortality
Glancing at heaven,
And earthly feelings never mingled with,
Or marred my love celestial.

But thou art gone———
And now I choose to wander when the winds
Chase the dark clouds away at dead midnight;
For then methinks I see thee.
I love to lie by waterfalls,
And mark the sheeted silver roll away,
Rich as Dorado's paradise;
Or listen to its distant music,
When through the piny forest I do take
My solitary way:
And then at times I commune with thee;
And thou, Ione! dost thou not, oh! say't,
Bequeath soft messages for me
Unto the dark boughs of the shaking pines?

Ione. Enough, enough. This is the strangest fancy. And so you love me? Pshaw!

Lys. By all the gods!

Ione. I'll not believe it: what you—quite a boy! 'Twill be a pretty tale.

Lys. But who shall tell't?

Ione. Why I—and all who hear us; for we are
Encompassed by the sylvan deities:
And not a foolish word, youth! hast thou spoke,
But Echo, in her hundred cayes, has caught
The sound, and told it to the wood-nymphs, whence
In shape of whispers, from the oaken boughs,
Hazels, or beeches, (that like traitors shake
At every noise,) the words are carried on
To the great Pan, and he——
Lys. Well, what of him?
Ione. Oh! he loves all the nymphs that haunt the woods,
And when he finds they wander from their homes—
Lys. Fear him not, sweet Ione! I am here,
And will protect you ever—
Ione. Gentle boy,
Thanks—but no more of that: you love me then?
Lys Aye, like the stars.——
Ione. "Not as a lover."
Lys. Oh! yes.
I love you like the world—myself—alas!
I know not what—but that I love you.
Ione. So!
You play your part well: who has taught you this?
Lys. My heart—my heart—
Ione. Nay, pr'ythee—This
Is folly surely: young Lysander, how—
How shall I credit you? some maids have given
(High born as I am—pale Œnone did)

Their hearts to mortals—but the men they graced
Forgot the favors quickly.

Lys. Shall I swear?

Ione. If your heart prompts you.

Lys. Then by thundering Jove
And all his ministering spirits, that tend
Obedient round his chair, that, fixed, stands
On gray Olympus. By——

Ione. Enough—enough.
You'll rifle the skies of names
To gild your falsehoods.—

Lys. Oh!

Ione. Nay—nay, I jest.

Lys. You do believe me, then?

Ione. What have you done
To merit love? I am not wont to give
My heart unmerited: Triton's sons have striven
To gain me to their arms, and Faunus oft
Hath woo'd me, youth, ere now.

Lys. I do believe't.
'Tis certain—Oh! they must have done't; and I
Have left my quiet home o' nights, to sing
Your name beside the chafing sea, and hark
If in the tumult of the waters, you
Whispered in answer.—I have come here at noon,
On dusky evenings, and on darkest nights,
When none but I (poor fool) did dare to pierce
The dark recesses of the wood, Ione!

To seek *you*. I have let my fleeced sheep
Wander unguarded through the mountains: I
Have left my father (yet I love him) to
Weep o'er my nightly absence—quitted all
Our village feasts, and calm domestic meetings,
To resort here, and call on you, Ione

Ione. What! love a mortal—well—Diana did,
And so must I—

Lys. Indeed!

Ione. Indeed—my love.

Lys. Again, again, again—Ione—nay
Say it again, for my sake.

Ione. Then—my love.

Lys. Oh! my divine Ione, what can I
Do to deserve your love?

Ione. Be constant.

Lys. Aye,
As bright Apollo to the summer air,
As larks are to the morn, or bats to eve,
Or as the nightingale—when the maiden May
Dies on the breast of June. Oh! fear it not.—

Ione. I will not, dear Lysander. I have marked
Your growing qualities many a long year, and
Think you are worthy of a sea maid's love;
And—aye, stand thus—for thus the Trojan stood,
Abashed, on Ida, when the heavenly queens
Claimed the immortal fruit, decreed at last
To beauty. You and I—why how you smile -

Will haunt these woods together: you shall pass
The sultry hours amongst the hills, and tend
Your father's flock; I in my ocean cave
Must linger out the day, but ever at night
I'll come, dear, hither, and we will pass the night
In love and gentlest converse; and when fate
Shall lift you to the stars—to those dark waves
That stream below the upper billows, I
Will take my journey, till Jove calls me up
To live with you for ever. Now, farewell.

JUAN.

Like a village nurse
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do.---I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree of bnts.

MASSINGER---*Duke of Milan.*

I come, Death! I obey thee,
Yet I will not die raging: for alas!
My whole life was a frenzy.
Bury me with Marcella;
And let our epitaph be---

The same.

JUAN

There is a story, somewhat similar to this sketch, told in (I believe) Gil Blas.]

SCENE.—*The Gardens belonging to a Spanish Castle.*

JUAN *and a Boy.*

Juan. The night grows foul; and the thick air doth stir
A beating at my heart—like passion: Hark!
How the winds draw the curtains of the night,
Like ministers to lust.—Queen Dian now
Is with her paramour.

Boy. You spoke?

Juan. 'Tis well,
They'll rock her into slumber; yet she'd fain
Be watchful, for she loves to lie upon
The green hill's top, and kiss one pouting lip.
No more, no more—what are there panders in
The sky, as here, and—how the sultry air

Weighs on my forehead. Break a lemon-branch
And give't me, Lopez: There is freshness in't,
And very grateful perfume—So—how sweet!
I'll bind it round my brows. What time is't now?
Boy. Near midnight.
Juan. Wants it long?
Boy. No, sir, about
Some quarter of an hour or so.
Juan. That's much: I'll hear
A song; 'twill drive some blacker thoughts away.
Boy. What sort of song?
Juan. Let it be full of love—
But not a jot of kindness—burning passion,
No more—yes, headlong folly—flames that parch
And wither up the heart—fierce jealousy,
And horrid rage, and—aye—then you may tell
How she you lov'd was false, and that you grew
Mad—and a murderer: any thing.
Boy. But this
Will not become a song.
Juan. Then say how she
Was beautiful as—sin, and that her eyes
Shone like the morning; that her arms were smooth,
And gracefully turned, and that her figure seemed
Shaped from the mould of Dian's:—If you can,
You then may tell how her white bosom rose
And sunk voluptuously to the music of
Her beating, passionate heart.—But, out on this,

I'll have no music now; my soul's untuned,
And I've no relish for it, yet I could
Bear well some frightful discord, and might laugh,
Haply, if heaven's bright rolling stars were driven
Spell-struck from out their paths, and rushed against
Each other, grating; and shook this vile earth
To its foundations. Boy, when went my wife hence?

Boy. Sir!

Juan. Where's your lady, fool?

Boy. At prayers, I think.

Juan. Excellent, excellent! the times are good
(Must be) when strumpets pray.—My bosom now
Swells like the boiling ocean. How *could* she
Be false to me? I, who did love her as
My soul—(better, alas!) Oh! how I gazed
Upon her brow, and thought it fairer than
The blue face of the heavens, and that her eyes
Outmatched those floating lights——But what has this
To do with my fierce task?—Begone, and send
Your mistress hither.

Boy. She's at prayers, sir.

Juan. Ha!
Forgot—no matter, there is time: now leave me,
And place the lamp upon the dial yonder,
And draw the shade around the flame—Go, go. [*Boy goes out*
—Now, then, I am alone: There's not a sound
To startle, or to cheer me. It is dark

As though the grave imprisoned me. This night
Shall be my colleague in a desperate act;
And the blue visiting lightnings, and the winds,
And muttering thunders, shall give help—The one
Light, if I wish't, and one shall blow about
To the four quarters of the skies, my deed
Of justice—and the last shall celebrate,
With its immortal noises, all I do—
(My bloody victory over love) and shall
Help drown her cries, if any—Hark! a step!
She comes then—Not alone—Ah! not alone.
I'll strike—Ha! 'tis a woman's voice—Now for
My hiding-place. [*He retires.*

OLYMPIA *and* BIANCA *enter.*

Olym. Did I believe in fables, I should think
Some evil hung above me: the black night
Has not allowed one small star to escape,
To light us on our path:—Who's there? I thought
A figure pass'd us. Hark!

Bia. I heard nothing.

Olym. Nor I: and yet, when demons walk about,
Their steps, 'tis said, are noiseless. I could now
Think half my nursery stories true, and spurn
My better reason from me.

Bia. Let us talk
Of something else, dear lady.

Olym. Tremble not:
You have no cause to fear; your life has been
Harmless, (I hope so,) and the spirits of ill
May never injure goodness. Ha! the worm,
That owes her lustre to the darkness, has
Lit her green lamp: and, look! the fountain which
We've yet but heard, now shoots its silver rain
Up visibly. How fresh and sweet it is!
Bianca, get you homewards; I will sit
Beside the margin of the water, and
Enjoy the air awhile—— [BIANCA *exit.*
What a most delicate air this garden hath!
There's scarce a flower, or odorous shrub that grows
In Spain we have not: there, I scent the rose;
Now the perfuming limes; and (as the wind
Sobs) an uncertain sweetness comes from out
The orange-trees: Their fragrance charms me
Almost to sleep. [*Reclines.*

JUAN *enters.*

Juan. She sleeps at last, then—Yet I will not kill
The frail thing sleeping: Why did I delay?
I feared (ah! was that guilt?—no, no) to face
The eye of her whom justice bade me smite.
—Oh! what a beautiful piece of sin is there
They fabled well who said that woman won
Man to perdition—Hark! the thunder mutters,
In anger, as it seems—then 'twas not fable.

Be silent, for a time, ye ministers
Of death and darkness—(for your voicing doth
Bespeak ye terrible agents)—I am come
To save you a worthless task.—Now then, my soul!—
Rise up, Olympia: (she sleeps soundly) Ho!—
Stirring at last: Rise—fair Olympia, you
Have much to do to night. The fates have writ
Your doom upon their brazen book, and I
Stand here to do their bidding.

Olym. What is this?

Juan. Now by—but I am quiet: you have sinned
Most foully 'gainst your husband: that's not much;
But you have done a deed at which the skies
Blacken: look up.

Olym. Dear Juan?

Juan. You have made
Me (I forgive that) base: our noble house,
Till now illustrious, you have stained. Hark, hark!
The engines of the heavens are now at work;
The voices that you hear amongst the clouds,
(But understand not) say—"confess." I wait
To hear your guilt: speak.

Olym. Oh! your mind is filled
With terrors. Let us home, dear Juan; we
Will talk to-morrow of't.

Juan. Away, away:
Now by the wasting passion that doth stir

Vengeance within me—Olympia! This night
You'll take your leave o'the earth.—The fates have said't,
And who may turn the fates! Yet ere you die
I'll tell you how I loved you—doated—oh!
Grew guilty for you—guilty—do you hear?
Olym. Most perfect, and my mind sinks:—
Juan. Ere you married
I loved you; that you know: your father shook
A poor petitioner away; and you,
Although you own'd to love, forsook me—Then
I tried my fortune in the wars: you gave
Your hand to old Ramirez.
Olym. I was bid—
Juan. My uncle's death raised me to wealth, and then
I came home quickly—you were married.
Olym. Well!
Juan. Well!—
Why then despair possessed me: Madness stamped
His iron on my brain, and two years passed
(You still Ramirez' wife) when I attained
Manhood again: The impudent dotard grinned
His lavish fondness publickly upon you.
On me—curses light on him—
Olym. Sir! no more.
Juan. Oh! you still love him?
Olym. Not so; but his name
A madman shall not mouth.
Juan. Now shall you die:

Aye, die—by me who love you. I, who have
Rioted upon that bosom, will at least
Take care that none beside shall sleep there: I
Was mad—and am: but why do you upbraid me?
Was't not for you I grew so? Blighting shame
Weigh on your tongue for that
Olym. Don Juan, you
Have sported with a gracious name.
Juan. A name!
I slew him: Let that serve you—Slew him: were
You fool to think that common villains struck
Him through and robbed him not?
Olym. I dream—
Juan. 'Twas I.
Now laugh: (yet if thou dost, it will be at
My misery likely) and that I deserve not.
'Twas all for you—for you; and now you have
Withheld the love I bought at such a price,
And sold it to another.
Olym. Sir, 'tis false:
But knowing what I do, I do abhor you:
Hearken, Don Juan; I have loved you, (how
You will remember quickly;) 'Twas an error:
For had I known Ramirez' blood was spilt
By you, I would have cast you off, as now
I do, for ever.
Juan. Speak again.
Olym. For ever.

Juan. Will—will your paramour come then? Ha! you see
I know it all—all.

Olym. Sir!

Juan. Do you deny
You love him?

Olym. Dearly.

Juan. Curses light on him.—
And thou, thou harlot—perish. [*Stabs her.*

Olym. Ah! Juan—stay.
It cannot be: you've done ill.

Juan. You—you are
Not hurt much? Speak—

Olym. To death.

Juan. Deceive me not.

Olym. Oh! save yourself, and quickly; yet, ere I die—
That youth—

Juan. Yes, yes—

Olym. That youth I loved so much—

Juan. Ah! shame—

Olym. Was—was my brother.

Juan. Cursed hell!

Olym. The Inquisition now are watching for him:
Save him—

Juan. I will.

Olym. By—ah— [*Dies.*

Juan. By my lost soul—
Look up, look up, Olympia! Juan's here;
Thy husband—murderer, that 's the name. My love!

My love, Olympia! I—she's dead.——
How's this?
So—where am I? Olympia—she is false:
Dead?—ah some villain has been busy here;
By Heaven the golden hair I used to twine
About my finger's bloody: and her eye
Has a horrid, fixed look. Olympia!—no—
She's quiet: and it was her brother—aye,
And I have cut those sweet blue veins asunder
And filled her breast with blood: There's not a touch
Of colour in her lip, (so red once:) and her hand
Lies nerveless, like a common lump of flesh.
What a voice she had!—'tis silent. Could it die
In a single groan?—Impossible.

Voices are heard. My Lord!

Juan. Hark, hark! they call the murderer; but I'll cheat
Justice for once

Voices. My lord, my lord!

Juan. I'll drag
The body--*body!* hence. So, now lie there. [*Hides the body.*
And yet, I will not fly: Why should I? I
Have lost what was my life on earth—what *was*—
A horrid sound. They come—[*Enter Servants.*] Whom seek
ye? She—
Your lady's gone—gone, do you doubt me? gone.

Serv. My lord! a stranger is arrived, who says
He is her brother.

Juan. Who?—She has none—none.

Serv. My lord, he's at the castle.
Juan. Silence.—If
He be imperishable, then indeed
He may be kin to her.—But she is gone
On a dark journey—Oh!
Serv. You've cut your hand,
My lord! and terribly.
Juan. I have cut—my heart.
Begone—all but Diego —. [*Servants go out.*
Poor old man,
You were my father's servant; may *his* father's.
We prized you, and you served us faithfully,
But now's your service ended. Old Diego!
Long before sun-rise, I shall be—
Diego. My lord!
Juan. Quiet, Diego. No foul passions then,
No turbulent love, nor fierce idolatry,
Nor bitter hate, nor jealousy shall mar
My solitary rest. I shall be—dead.
Yet, hearken awhile to my last words; and do
My bidding, as a friend. I am the last,
('Tis pity) of a princely house; therefore
Let not my name be slandered.
Diego. Oh! my lord!
Juan. It was not always thus. Once (but that's now
Many sad years ago) one old man thought
I should do honour to his name: That's past—
For, look! my star is setting.—And *am* I then

The last of a time-honoured line? a stem
That traced its root into the bed of kings,
And shamed it not? and none remain save me!
Ah! where is now my father's prophecy?
And where my own hopes? withered, withered.
Diego. Alas!
Juan. A few more words; and then,—good night.
I smote—I smote—now let the black skies fall,
And crush me in a moment! Oh! my queen,
My own incomparable wife!—Away——
Oh! all my life has been an error—So,
I'll shift a troublesome burden from my back,
And lay me down to sleep.
Diego. Let us go home,
My lord.
Juan. I will—I will—That potent draught
Which filled the frames of men with youth, were now
To me a faithless medicine. I have quaffed
Life from the lips of beauty: and shall I,
Who've banquetted like a god, be now content
With meagre fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run a common idler through the world,
With not a heart to own me?—
Diego. Noble sir!
Let me, for once, forget my service—Rouse
Your nature, my dear lord—
Juan. No more—no more.
No lord—a vulgar slave am I, who caught

One brief look from the sun. The guiding light
Is out that glanced on me, and here I stand,
Lost, and in terrible darkness, near my tomb;
And hovering shadows, and fierce shapes, that come
On no good errand, beckon me, and I
Must go: yet I'll say something first. I smote—
The story hangs upon my tongue. Diego!
I smote the noblest woman in the land;
And, with my cruel dagger, cut a way
To—I was shrined there too, but knew it not—
Her heart—Aye, weep, Diego; thou may'st weep:
But, for myself, my eye stands fixed and burning:
The socket's dry as dust. Your hand, old friend,
For all are equal in the grave: you used
To carry me when a boy; do it once more;
And, when I lie stiff on my marble bed,
Let no one scoff or curse me.—Bless you!—Now,
Open your arms, Olympia! *[Stabs himself.*

LOVE CURED BY KINDNESS.

Areth. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Bellario, thou canst sing and play?

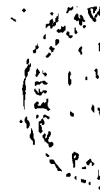
Bell. If grief will give me leave.

Areth. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.—*Philaster.*

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

All's Well that Ends Well



LOVE CURED BY KINDNESS.

[This Sketch is founded partly upon a Tale of Boccaccio.]

SCENE—*A Banquet-Room.*

DON PEDRO, *King of Sicily elect, and* COURTIERS.

Don Ped. Let every cup be filled: we'll have a health
To beauty. For myself, I'll name a queen.
Here--but Solarmo drinks not—
1st Court. Yes, my lord,
Look!
Don Ped. True!—"The queen of Naples." Let the health
Go 'round.
Omnes. "The queen of Naples."
1st Court. She, indeed,
Is lovely: gracious sir, you have a taste
We may not quarrel with.
Don Ped. I hope not, sirs;
Indeed you cannot quarrel with a health
To woman, though she be not wholly free

From fault. Sirs! in my land (romantic Spain)
The sweet *sex* is upheld; yet every face
Is praised to none's discredit. 'Tis not fair,
Nor gentle, that the charms of one should fix
A censure on the next.

1st Court. By no means.

Don Ped. Then
Let's not say that this lady has a mouth
Like Cupid's bow, lest one (with other charms)
Own not a mouth so sweet. Let no one swear
Black eyes are matchless, 'cause the maid he loves
Has a dark glance, perhaps; for her next friend
May look as sweetly from her deep blue lights
As she of different colouring.—But where
Is our young friend Ippolito?—call him, sir—
Mean time, Lord Julio, we will drink a health
Of yours. Your beauty, sir?

2d Court. "The fair Lisana."

Omnes. "Lisana."

Don Ped. "Fair Lisana." Who is she?

2d Court. But a poor maiden; yet the gentles here
Swear she's a Venus, and—I know not what.
An artist's daughter, as I think.

1st Court. She is:
And beautiful indeed. He comes.

IPPOLITO *enters.*

Ippol. My lord.

Don Ped. We looked for you before—Come hither; near:
How is't that you were absent, sir?
Ippol. My lord,
I could not come.
Don Ped. How was't?
Ippol. Oh! sir, you are
A friend to beauty, so you will not press
Your question farther.
Don Ped. You are right; fill high—
A health now to the fair Ippolita;
For that shall be her name.
Ippol. If you will give
A health (would you could do't) to the sweet maid
I have just seen, be her name known: it is
Lisana. Sweet Lisana!
Don Ped. We have drank
To her already.
Ippol. Be it done again,
For she is matchless, sir, through all your land
Of Sicily, though now she pines away—alas!
Sir, you should see her; what she *was* I know:
What—what she is, is nothing;—save to me. [*Aside.*
She lives, but scarcely above the grave; she loves,
But her love is half despondency.
Don Ped. Indeed!
And does the gentleman know it?
Ippol. No; she bore

Her sickness quietly; at last—I'd fain
Move you to pity, noble sir.
Don Ped. 'Tis done;
Think me her friend already.
Ippol. Shall I tell you
In verse (for that's my habit) how she looks?
You shall then know her story.
Don Ped. Have a care,
'Tis not the way to the heart; and passion yet
Ne'er dealt in rhymes—or seldom. Well!—your song.

Ippol. Gently upon her pillow now
The love-sick girl is lying;
And but that, at times, about her brow
A throbbing pulse starts up (as though
The spirit of the heart were flying
From point to point, in eager close
With Death,) you haply might not know
She lived; yet, in the evening,
A soft bloom steals across her cheek
Like the delicate fruit-tree's blossoming,
Or the hue for which we (curious) seek
Within the breast of the young white rose.

Oh! if love save her not, she dies—
This pretty languid girl, who lies
Gently as if a lily there
Should spread its white leaves to the air

To catch once more the summer sun—
She loves and pines and wastes away,
And may—die 'ere the night be done.
Oh! is there in our Sicilia,
A heart so cold that never stirs
Responsive to the beat of hers?
She loves a noble man—a youth
Royal—(mark that) brave—yet, in sooth,
He may have passed her by, and never
Seen the soft beauty we admire;
Or, if his look was on her bent
At feast, or jousting tournament,
Haply, his lofty glance of fire
Bade the pale girl be dumb for ever,

Don Ped. He was not of my mind then.

Ippol. Sir.

Don Ped. I say,
This youth o' the terrible look—

Ippol. He is not so, sir.

Don Ped. Who is't? you say he's royal. If a smile
Will do the girl's heart good, or some kind words,
By my faith she shall not want it.

Ippol. Shall she not?
I take you at your word: bend forward, sir,
And listen; this great man is—but you'll not
Feel angry?

Don Ped. Pr'ythee speak.

Ippol. Why then he is
Don Pedro—Prince of Arragon—lately
Made King of Sicily.
Don Ped. Ippolito!
Is all this true? or do you think my heart
Will thank you, if the tale be idle?
Ippol. Sir,
'Tis true as my fidelity.
Don Ped. Break up
The party now; or, rather, Julio, you
Do honour to my table; I must hence
For a few hours; and see you play the host
As if your prince were present.
2d Court. Sir, I will.
Don Ped. We'll visit your young friend now; is it far
Where she doth live?
Ippol. Just on the skirts o' the city.
Don Ped. Come, then.
Ippol. Yet—yet a word, my lord.—I think
I've heard you say you lov'd a princess of
The house of Austria?
Don Ped. Aye, most heartily.
Ippol. Then,
You will not ruin this pretty girl, my lord?
She's blind now, (for she loves you,) and your heart
Is too—too good to hurt her; haply, too,
There may be some one loves her; dearly as
You love that noble lady,

Don Ped. What means this?

Ippol. My lord, I wish her—happy; yes—no more—
Happy, my lord.

Don Ped. Come hither; you have used
Me ill, whom you have called your friend, young man
You have forborne to trust me. Have you loved
This maiden long?

Ippol. My lord!

Don Ped. I wait your answer.—

Ippol. I—

Don Ped. Have you loved this fair girl long?

Ippol. Oh! all
My life, my lord.

Don Ped. That's a long courtship, truly.
But, come, show me the way; and, as we go,
You shall tell me your love-story; when we're there
You'll say a lord o' the court has come to see
The young Lisana—nye, deputed by
The king; or whatsoe'er you will. I must
Perforce speak kindly; but, good youth, you shall
Not suffer for this girlish frenzy. I
Will be your pleader too.

Ippol My lord, my lord!
My whole heart thanks you.

Don Ped. Now let's go.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber.*

LISANA. HER MOTHER.

Lisana. What is this lord's name, mother, who you sa
Has come to see me?—It is odd; and yet
One would not but—but see him; for the king
You know (that is more strange) hath sent him hither
To visit me. Do you hear that, dear mother?
To visit your pale girl—The king—

Mother. I know't.

Lisana. Is it not very gracious?

Mother. Yes; 'tis kind.

Lisana. Aye, very, *very* kind: You do not feel
How good the king is.—What have I done—I
Without a merit?

Mother. Pshaw! the king perhaps
Hath heard o' your beauty child.

Lisana. Oh! mother!

Mother. Aye:
Why not? I'm sure the verses that the men
Have writ may well have reach'd the court

Lisana. Away!

Mother. Perhaps, Ippolito—

Lisana. What—what?

Mother. I said—

Lisana. I heard it mother—well; Oh! Now I see
How the king learnt my folly. I can never

Look this his friend i' the face. It was not kind—
It was not friendly of Ippolito—what, *he*
Who grew up with me like a brother, to
Betray my secret. Shame upon him!
Mother. You
Must now look cheerful, dear. We'll show the court
All beauty is not there.

DON PEDRO *enters.*

Don Ped. Will you excuse
Good lady—
Lisana. Ah! the king—
Mother. Lisana!—Sir,
My poor girl often faints; your lordship will
Not heed't. Lisana!—look up, dear. The king
Hath sent a gentleman from court.
Lisana. My lord—
My gracious lord! I am too weak to kneel
And thank you as I ought.
Don Ped. How's this?
Lisana. Oh! Sir,
Think you I do not know you; yes—and know
Whence comes this noble favour; you have seen
My brother—(not my brother, yet he is
As kind) the young Ippolito.
Don Ped. He is now,
Without. Good lady will you trust me with
Your daughter for awhile?

Mother. Surely, my lord.

Lisana. Ippolito, is without, dear mother; go and ask
If his low spirits haunt him still. [*Mother exit.*

Don Ped. You must
Be his physician, sweet Lisana, or
I err.

Lisana. Oh! no, poor lad; he pined e'er since
His mother died; and tho' at times his verse
Beguiles him of his melancholy mood,
And lends an hour of joy, or so; he is
In general sorrowful.

Don Ped. I've heard—how true
It is, I know not—that you—nay, nay, blush not.

Lisana. My lord! I'm pain'd—confounded—

Don Ped. Silly girl!

Lisana. That's true; I've no excuse: Yet 'twa not well
Ippolito should do this.

Don Ped. You have cause
To love *him.* As to me—

Lisana. I know it, sir;
I'm very foolish.

Don Ped. I shall smile, Lisana!

Lisana. Oh! do not jeer me.

Don Ped. Jeer you! How?

Lisana. I am
But a poor girl, my lord; and yet too bold—
I knew it at the time, (that makes my fault

The heavier) all the wide and fearful space,
That lies 'tween me and royalty. You were
A prince (long may you live so):—I no more
Than a poor peasant girl of Sicily.
At times I wonder how my heart *could* lift
Its thoughts so high—but love heeds rank so little—
Don Ped. I thank you for your love.
Lisana. My lord!
Don Ped. Sweet girl,
My heart is thankful for your kindness; I
Must be your knight too, fair Lisana, and
Should any vent'rous champion dare assail
Your colours (which I'll wear)—Let them be white,
Like your own maiden purity; and yet
I'll have a blush o' the rose too, just to show
Your heart was warm as chaste. [*Smiling.*
Lisana. My gracious prince!
Don Ped. Lisana—
Lisana. My *dear* lord! (once let me call
My prince by that sweet title,) you have done
An act shall make you honoured; nay, beloved;
—I feel already well.——Sir, should you choose,
As you needs must, a bride from some high house,
To grace your throne, and lend a beauty to
Your private life; you may, without fear, say
A young Sicilian girl still loves you, but

With such a grateful, humble feeling, that
'Twill never jar with hers.

Don Ped. If I should marry,
My wife shall learn to cherish you, sweet girl;
(No'er fear it) and she shall be grateful too
For your unmerited love.

Lisana. Oh! say not so;
Not—not unmerited;—and yet I'll not
Say all I might (that were not delicate)
Of what this land doth echo of its lord;
You hear't from many mouths.

Don Ped. From none so sweet
As thine, Lisana.

Lisana. Ah! you'll learn me soon
To flatter; but forgive me—I'm too free

Don Ped. Go on, go on;—I'll check you with a kiss
When you err widely, but't shall be a kiss
Your brother might have given:—but we must
Speak on a better subject. Listen to me:
This melancholy boy, Lisana, who you say
Pines since his mother's death—He's very kind?

Lisana. Oh! that he is; and yet at times he starts
Away, and talks but strangely to me: I
Do almost fear his brain.

Don Ped. Look at his *heart*,
For that's the seat of ill: Lisana! he
Dies from excess of love.

Lisana. Indeed, indeed!
Which of our girls is cruel to him? I
Must plead his cause.
Don Ped. I hope you will: you ought
To do't, for he has acted nobly tow'rd you;
Lisana. Tow'rd me?—indeed he has, through all his life;
Though lately his talk has been ('tis but at times)
Some—somewhat bitter: yes, and strange.
Don Ped. That is
One of love's foibles, my good girl. It is
A cunning effort of the mind, when 't tries
To dissipate a profound feeling by
Words of an opposite colour; and 'tis done
In hopes to make the heart beloved show
Itself unworthy. But I have a task,
Lisana—
Lisana. Sir.
Don Ped. Ippolito loves——you.
Lisana. My lord!
Don Ped. He loves you tenderly: this I learnt
By chance; yet, while his heart was beating high,
He heard you lov'd another. *Then* what did he?—
He told his prince the story of your love,
(Your beautiful, delicate love, dear girl,) and thus
Did sacrifice himself.
Lisana. Alas! alas!
Don Ped. Oh! but he merits something: were I you,
I'd thank him with—my heart.

Lisana. My lord, my heart!

Don Ped. It is the only gift, save some that I
Shall force on him hereafter, he can wish.
Mark me, Lisana, this young man may die
Unless you love and save him: Speak, you look
In doubt. 'Twill be a noble thing, and I
Shall love you both—and serve. Speak out, Lisana!

Lisana. [*After a pause.*] My lord, it shall be done

Don Ped. And yet (I'd fain
Not speak of this) be sure your heart will feel
No chill when press'd 'gainst his: it should be all
His own—purely and wholly, save what I
Shall claim for friendship.

Lisana. Sir, you teach me well;
And I am grateful for 't. The passion that
Did sway me tow'rd your highness lives, but yet
Refined so by your gracious kindness, that
'Twill be distinct from what Ippolito asks:
I'll love him as my husband, sir;—and you
As my most noble friend.

Don Ped. Enough: come in,
Ippolito, I say.

Ippolito *enters.*

Ippol. My lord!

Don Ped. Come forward;
I will not say a word. Lisana now
Must tell you all you ask.

Lisana. Come hither, then,
My dear Ippolito; be happy, if
My heart can make you so.
Don Ped. Oh! a sweet girl!
I will be crowned upon your wedding-day

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

Hamlet. I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

Hamlet.

Low. He gave him first his breeding;
Then showered his bounties on him like the hours,
That, open-handed, sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men.

BEN JONSON.—*New Inn.*

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

[A story, distantly resembling this sketch, is told of one of the Dukes of Guise.]

SCENE—*A Room in a Palace.*

PRINCE, CESARIO.

Cesar. Your highness sent for me?

Prince. I did. Sit down,
My dear Cesario. You look ill.

Cesar. No, sir.

Prince. You have been feasting lately. Come—I know it:
You were at Count Vitelli's banqueting,
And he keeps such late hours. Have a care:
Your health may suffer for't.

Cesar. You wished to speak
In haste with me, my lord.

Prince. Not so.

Cesar. Then I

May visit you to-morrow?

Prince. Let it be
To-day, now you are here Cesario!
I wished to ask you of a youth who lives with
The good old judge, Colonna. Has he not
A foreign youth about him?

Cesar. Yes; his name
Is Pedro—no, Diego, born at Madrid:
He is well versed in languages, and comes
Of a right noble family: of the house
Of—of Medina, as I think.

Prince. Indeed!
You know him well then?

Cesar. No, sir: I take shame
On me, the while I say it.

Prince. Should you think
This young man honest?

Cesar. Honest?

Prince. Aye.

Cesar. Or else
He much deceives me.

Prince. Then he'd not betray
Your uncle, as I hear he has done?

Cesar. Sir!—He—
He could not be so base: my uncle was
His first and excellent friend.

Prince. I thought the world
Was not so bad: now listen, Cesario,

And you shall hear a curious history:
Keep Diego in your mind the while, and think
That he's the hero of't.—Last night, a man
Came mask'd unto a rich lord's house, (here, in
Palermo)—Do you hear how Etna mutters?
I fear there'll be eruptions shortly.

Cesar. Yes;
It sends a terrible sound, indeed, my lord.

Prince. This man petitioned for his life—He said
That he had sworn to act a horrid deed,
And came to make disclosure.—The great lord
(His was the life in danger) promised full
Forgiveness—but you do not listen.

Cesar. Oh!
Pardon me, sir, most carefully.

Prince. He said
A youth on whom the lord had lavished wealth,
And kindness, and good precept, had forgot
His better tutoring, and lent deaf ears
To those divinest whispers which the soul
Breathes to prevent our erring. He resolved
To kill his benefactor. That was bad.

Cesar. Oh! he deserved ——

Prince. We'll talk of that hereafter:
I knew you'd think thus, dear Cesario;
Well—this bad man, whose mind was spotted with
The foulest sin i' the world, ingratitude,
Had sworn to murder this, his friend.

Cesar. My lord!

Prince. I see it shocks you: yes, for the sake of gold
He would have slain his old and faithful friend;
Have spurned the few gray locks that time had left,
And stopped the current of his reverend blood,
Which *could* not flow much longer.

Cesar. Are you sure?

Prince. The plan was this: they were to bind him, for
To slay him here were dangerous, and transport
His wretched limbs to some most lonely place—

Cesar. Where—where was this?

Prince. I'll tell you, for I once
Was housed there, through a storm:—a castle stands
(Almost a ruin now) on the sea coast,
Where it looks tow'rd Calabria; as 'tis said,
A murder once was done there, and e'er since
It has been desolate; 'tis bleak, and stands
High on a rock, whose base was cavern'd out
By the wild seas ages ago. The winds
Moan, and make music through its halls, and there
The mountain-loving eagle builds his home.
But all's a waste: for miles and miles around
There's not a cot.

Cesar. Is't near the eastward foot
Of Ætna?

Prince. Yes: oh! then you know the spot.
Now, dear Cesario, could'st thou think a man,
Setting aside all ties, could do a deed

Of blackness there? Why, 'tis within the reach
Of Etna; and some thirty years ago,
(The last eruption,) when the lava rivers
Took their course toward that point, this dwelling was
In danger. I myself stood near the place,
And saw the bright fires stream along, when they
Crumbled the chesnut forests, and dark pines,
And branching oaks, to dust. The thunders caught
An added horror from the mountain groans.
The rebel waves stood up and lashed the rocks,
And poured their stormy cries through every cave.
Each element was in motion then: the earth
Staggered and spouted fire: the winds—the seas—
Thunder and rain were heard: and here, and there,
The lightnings flew along their jagged paths,
Like messengers of evil.

Cesar. Oh! no more.

Prince. Fancy, Cesario, in this desolate house,
How, with a solitary lamp, perhaps,
Above you: how this aged wretch would look.
All his white hair blood-drench'd, and his eye with
The horrid stare of dead mortality,
And death's own marble smile that changes not:
His hanging head, and useless neck—his old
Affectionate heart that beat so fondly, now
Like a stilled instrument. I could not kill
A dog that loved me: could you?

Cesar. No, sir—no.

Prince. Why, you seem frightened.

Cesar. 'Tis a fearful picture.

Prince. Yet might it have been true.

Cesar. We'll hope not.

Prince. Hope!——

That hope is past. How will the Spaniard look,
Think you, Cesario, when the question comes
Home to his heart? In truth he could not look
More pale than you do now. Cesario!
The eye of God has been upon him.

Cesar. Yes:
I hope—

Prince. Beware.

Cesar. My lord!

Prince. Beware, how you
Curse him; for he is loaded heavily.
Sin and fierce wishes plague him, and the world
Will stamp its malediction on his head,
And God and man disown him.

Cesar. Oh! no more.
No more, my dearest lord; behold me here,
Here at your feet—a wretch indeed, but now
Won quite from crime. Spare me.

Prince. Rise. I forgive
Your wickedness to me: but men like you
(Base, common, *bribed* stabbers) must not roam
About the world so freely.

Cesar. Oh! that now
You could but see my heart.
Prince. I would not see
Your bosom's black inhabitant. No more:
But listen to me again—nay, speak not, sir.
This is a different tale. Cesario!
When first you came to Sicily, you were
A little child: your noble father, worn
By toil and long misfortune, scarce had time
To beg protection for you ere he died.
Since then, if in your memory I have failed
In kindness tow'rd you, or good counselling,
Reproach me.
Cesar. You have been most kind, too kind.
Prince. Once, in a painful illness, when none else
Would tread your infectious chamber, (think on that)
I, though your prince—
Cesar. In pity!
Prince. Hear me speak.
I gave that healing medicine to your lips,
Which, wanting, you had died. I tended you:
And was your nurse through many a sultry night:
For you were quite abandoned. 'Twas not well,
I own, to risk my safety, for I was
A crowned prince: yet, oh! 'tis not for you
To blame. Well! you recovered and could use
Your sword again: you tried it 'gainst my blood,
(My nephew then,) and I forgave it.

Cesar. That
Was in the heat of quarrel.
Prince. I have said
That I forgave it. Then a most mean wish
(You wished my wealth) possessed you. I could never,
I own't, have guessed at that.
Cesar. Oh! 'twas not so.
Prince. Well, then, it was not: but Aurelia's charms,
(That cunning Phryne) have had power upon you,
Beyond your gratitude. Oh! shame.
Cesar. My lord!
My father! oh! once more believe me. I
Do not deserve you should: but if you can
Once again credit me, may hell's fierce torments—
But oh! I will not, will not pain your love:
Nay more, I will deserve it.——I can die
Now, for my mind has grown, within this hour,
To firmness: yet, I now could wish to live,
To show you what I am.
Prince. Cesario!
The world will blame me, but I'll try you; and
You cannot have the heart (for you have one)
Again to hurt me. Once, imperial Cæsar
Upon the young deluded Cinna laid
His absolute pardon: 'twas a weight that he
Could ne'er shake off. Cesario, thus from
My soul I do forgive you.
Cesar. Thanks.

Prince. What, ho!
Cesario, faint not. Why, thou'rt sillier now
Than when Aurelia kiss'd your lip, and won
Your soul to sin. Come: nay, there's no one knows
Our quarrel. Let us bury it in our breasts,
And talk as we were wont.

Cesar. A little time,
My lord, and I may thank you. Now, if I
Might dare to ask it, I would fain retire——
And dwell on all your goodness.

Prince. Farewell, then.

Cesar. My noble prince, rest soundly: you have gained
Cesario's soul twice over. If a knave
Should say I wrong you now, believe him not.
If I myself should swear I was your foe,
Discredit me. Oh! once more, on my knees,
I thank you: dearest father! look upon
Your prodigal son. Thanks—from my heart.

Prince. Farewell,
Farewell, Cesario. Nay, compose yourself.
Now go. Farewell, farewell.

WERNER.

No human ear must be astonished with the story of my endowments and privileges.

For me the laws of Nature are suspended: the eternal wheels of the universe roll backward: I am destined to be triumphant over fate and time.

I shall take my distant posterity by the hand: I shall accompany them in their career: and, when they are worn out and exhausted, I shall shut up the tomb over them, and set forward.

Past times had attached me deeply, irrevocably, to all the members of my family. But I felt that I should survive them all. They would die one by one, and leave me alone.

GODWIN, *Travels of Saint Leon.*

WERNER.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

WERNER. ELLENA.

Ellena. Indeed, I've heard——

Werner. Aye, thou hast heard, that I
Have held communion with unearthly things,
And brought them to my bidding. If 'tis so,
And may it not? perhaps thou——

Ellena. I have heard
That men (but 'tis a foolish fable) may,
By midnight study, and sharp abstinence,
And self-giv'n torture, and unholy prayer,
And base desertion of the God they serve,
And yielding up themselves a penalty,
Acquire a power to do—a world of wrong.
But this is fable.

Werner. Be not too sure: for once
I knew a man, ('twas in a distant country,)
Who, fame did say, could draw the planets down
By his dark art: and I have heard that he,

At times, I held converse with the winds, (speaking
In some strange melody,) and had the power
To bid them waft him from remoter shores
Their richest produce. Spirits he had, who brought
Vast pearls, such as the expert divers find
Hard by Japan; and gems above all price.

Ellena. Indeed?

Werner. Aye: there were rubies, blood red, like suns
Setting through mist; blue amethysts, too gay
Or else like weeping maiden's eyes, or violets
Wet in the spring: emeralds green as grass
By splashing fountains: diamonds, like stars
On winter nights; and gold in showers: all from
The Ormus' mines: and, from those Summer Isles,
That lift their green heads up i' the Indian seas,
Rare fruits and perfumes; such as we, who dwell
In orange-bowers, ne'er heard of.

Ellena. But you disbelieved the story?

Werner. I *knew* it to be true.

Ellena. Oh! you but jest.

Werner. 'Tis true as that I stand,
And breathe, and live. I—I am one of those
Whom mighty Spirits from the mid-air,—beings
Who have no home, save—all the universe;
Who wander on from sphere to sphere, and share
Their subtle properties with man: who bathe
In flood and fire, and revel in the storm,
And fling the shivering lightning round in sport;

(Themselves incorporate with the element :)
Aye: I am one to whom *these* beings bend
In fear, and own obedience; and this hand,
That seems but clay to thy disorder'd eye,
Is spirit-fashioned;
And may, if but I will, bind in the winds:
This tongue, that uttereth but a common sound,
Can bid the mountain-wave go back, and hush
The sea, like a rash child, to quiet.
Ellena. Oh!
If you have done this—but it cannot be,
What! turned a slave? Oh! you could not debase
Your proud spirit so: say, say you have not.
Werner. Sweet,
I've told thee true.
Ellena. Again: my senses cheat me.
Say it again, again: I'll not believe 't.
Werner. 'Tis true, my Ellena: you shall see, and own
How powerful my spell is. I will call
The radiant Lucifer hither, and you shall see
The beautiful Prince of Morning float before you,
In shape like the feathered Hermes, (crowned with
His diadem of stars:) and you shall talk
Familiar with that sceptre'd spirit, and meet
His sweet and melancholy smile; and you
Shall hear his voice, like the low winds in Autumn,
And feel his breathing presence, soothing as

The soft air of the valleys——Ah! you're pale,
My Ellena.

Ellena. Oh! if you have done this,
(But God forbid,) there is no hope left for you.
Oh! father, father, is it not written that
Whoe'er shall worship these dark powers, shall bear
Upon his brow, and fix upon his race,
A curse eternally: your hand—I'm faint—

Werner. My Ellena! Ellena, awake! Perhaps
I may abjure—Look there! So,—now 'tis gone.
He frowned, and beckoned with his shadowy arm.
I—I must go: too late now. Dry your eyes:
The dead are come amongst us—or the damned.
What, do you glare? Is 't not enough that all
Do fear and fly me? must you too, alas!
Shrink as an adder stung you? Oh! do look
But kindly on me ere I go: perhaps
We shall not meet again; and 'tis not thus
(Albeit I'm lost) the father and his child
Should part.

Ellena. You do not love me.

Werner. Ellena!—
But I must go: farewell

Ellena. No, no, not yet.
I will cling to you. Now you are in my arms,
And nought that's evil e'er shall reach you. Thus,
(It is most fit,) within your child's embrace,

Your own poor Ellena that you loved so once—
Nay, go not; father, father! stay, and hear me.
In Heaven's name—

Werner. Oh! be silent. Look!—Again
The figure has burst his dim invisible bonds,
And stands, like life, before me. He commands,
And I must bow. Away— [*Rushes out.*

SCENE II.

[This is supposed to occur after a considerable lapse of time.]

WERNER, *alone.*

This is a dreary world.—The Sun has made
A cloudy set: and, as he died, his eye
Looked red and troubled, and did tell of storms
To-morrow. A dark world.—Still, do I tread
The ground as I was wont; and yet—I feel
A wild and buoyant spirit here, that seems
To mingle with the circling element,
And lift me upwards, whispering me I am
In something different from man. I am:
For I have run beyond my course, and left
The world behind; and now I stand above
The reach of mortal accident. I wished
To be immortal; for my soul was proud,
And grasping: want and woe hung on my heart,

And I was bruised by foul authority;
And, that I saw beyond my fellows, and
Could read the secrets of the skies, and look
Into the profound which spreads beyond the tomb
Its dim illimitable regions, I
Was spurned and hated—but no more. I am
Immortal now. Hundreds of untold years,
That now lie sleeping in the gulf of time,
Shall rise and roll before me ere I die.
My glance can reach the heart, and my hand rain
Gold-showers, and invisible spirits stand
Always around me. I can walk the waves,
And ride the winged winds, and bid them fly
On my dark errands; and I have the power
To call the dead up from their stony rooms,
To do me service. I have a haunt beside
The bright home of the sun;—aye, and can blind
The red Orion, when he eyes the seas,
And strives to scatter, from his cloudy arms,
Tempest and storm; and so I am—a wretch.

Oh! I have outlived all—all. Ellena!
She's gone, poor wench: so fair and young, 'twas pity.
And my old friends, (I had a few,)—they've shook
Their years away, and gone to rest in quiet.
And now I have no sympathies with man.
I'm linked to nothing in this breathing world.
I am not human: no, a subtler essence

Fills me; nor spirit—no, the clay weighs me down,
And tells a heavy truth.——Poor Ellem!
My only child! How beautiful thou wast.
Once, in thy earlier days, the hue o' thy cheek
Was like the fruit-tree blossom, and thine eye
Shone matchless in its watery brightness. Oh!
How like thy mother in her prime wast thou,
Sweet mockery of the dead Vittoria!
—She's gone, and left me; and the place she filled
In my heart is empty—empty. She has done
Her travel: but my task is still to roam
On through the world, and find no grave to stop at.
The things I love pass by me, and the tide
Has no returning. Like phantasms, or dreams,
Or gay romances that in youth we read,
The show dissolves, and dies. Look! who is there?
How like a young divinity he stands,
Dazzling the sight. Thus looked Apollo in
His youth, and thus (yet never half so fair)
The delicate Ganymede, or that sleeping boy
Whom Dian kissed o' nights. He's vanished.——

There's nothing good here: all is false and vile.
'Tis a base world,—A little breathing time,
And then I'll hie me to the mountains, and
Riot alone. With men no more I'll hold
Communion, but the wolf and ravenous kite
Shall find a benefactor. I'll be great:

And on some crag I'll build, and hollow 't out,
A pyramid of ice, high as the top
Of snowy Teneriffe; and there I'll sit,
A giant in that lofty wilderness,
Alone: and nothing but the rude north wind
Shall visit me. He, with his blustering cheeks,
Shall whistle through my cave, and sing at times
Low dirges to me, mournfully, as though
I had deceased: and he shall scatter round
In sport the virgin snow, and cover me,
So I shall sleep in purity. No, no:
I must have motion that I may—forget.
Aye, I'll scour, as tempests do, the middle air,
(But never free 't from blight,) and mount, and mount,
And feast upon the wonders of the stars:
And that may entirely turn my brain. The moon
Shall be my chariot, and, from vaporous clouds,
I'll fashion (giving them life, fire, and motion,)
Horses, whose manes shall shake the light away,
As did the fabled steeds of Phaeton.

'Tis a brave world. I'll dwell alone—alone,
And none shall touch me; none shall look on me,
Or if he doth, be blasted. Aye, I'll dwell
Aloft; no equal: and no—ah, no friend.
That's hard; then not alone—not quite alone.
Let there be something, though a dog, which I
May waste a little kindness on. Let there be

A something on this visible globe, that may
Have leave to love me—something I may love.
And dogs they say are faithful. Oh! I'll give
Intelligence unto 't, and he shall be
My Argus, and my bold confederate,
And we will wander through the world together,
Good friends and honest, and—but he will die,
And leave me, and so on; and I shall see
Friends, generations pass away—away.
Like puppets—shades, they'll tread the common road
To death, and find a home. No home for me.
The very grave rejects me. I *must* live
Hundreds of years—long years. Oh! I shall pass
(I feel 't) my time in solitude; set apart
From all, a man forbidden.

THE RETURN OF MARK ANTONY.

Eye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

The same.

THE RETURN OF MARK ANTONY.

SCENE—*A Room in the Palace of Cleopatra*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS.

Cleop. No tidings yet?

Char. None, madam.

Cleop. None?—Shame on thee, jealous queen!
Is it because I dared to imitate
Thy carriage, that thou shak'st me thus? For I
Have been as fetchy and as proud as thou:
As jealous and imperative; and have had
The love of all this world for mine, (be whom
Dead Cæsar lov'd,) the great Mark Antony.

Iras. Alas!

Cleop. Oh! Juno! pity my sad state,
And never more on Venus' altar will
I hang an offering. Isis! thou shalt be
Never remembered.

Char. Hark! I hear a shout.

Cleop. Excellent wench! Hie thee, good Charmian,
And know the cause.

Char. No: 'twas but fancy.

Cleop. Fool!

Thus to deceive me. O ye do conspire
To tear my heart. Away! I'll be alone:
And all my love shall now be solitude;
And I will gaze upon the horned moon
By night, and pay my vows to chastity:
And every petty star, that comes and goes,
I'll think a sphered Antony, and so bow to 't.
But he is gone: dead, dead, alas! and I
Feel now a tightness 'round my bursting heart
That ne'er was there before.

Iras. Take comfort, madam.

Cleop. Hark!——No——

Iras. My gracious queen!

Cleop. Now will I bare [*Not heeding them.*
My bosom, and the soft and summer winds
Shall play upon 't, and whisper pretty tales:
How, once, there was a king. (a Roman king)
Who lov'd a dark Ægyptian; and how he
Did leave his country, and his state—his wife,
(That was not well,) for her. What was her name?
Why—CLEOPATRA. But he died.

Iras. Again?

I heard a noise: Again—and, hark! they shout
Long life to Antony.

Cleop. Why then he lives.
My tender Iras! Here, a chain of pearls,

Worth half Numidia: take, and wear 'em, wench:
They were a queen's—Aye, and her lover's gift.
Now go, and bring me Antony.

Iras. He comes.

Cleop. Comes he indeed? We will not see him—yet. [*Sits.*

ANTONY *enters.*

Antony. My dearest love!

Cleop. Who's there?—the Roman soldier! Sir, your wife.
The fair Octavia, is not here: Nay, you,
Perhaps, are but a cozener; for we heard
That you had died; aye, 'twas in Sicily:
There where of late you married.

Antony. Cleopatra!

Cleop. My lord! your look's familiar; leave it quick.
We are great Isis. Know you that, my—lord,
And kings have bent lowly before our feet,
As to a shrined goddess. Kings, sir! then,
Why not a Roman triumvir?

Antony. Peace, my heart!

Cleop. I am grown old; had Cæsar liv'd——

Antony. Away!
You'll tempt me.

Cleop Likely; that Octavia did.

Antony Nay, nay.

Cleop. Sir! is the charm worn, that you come
For help to Ægypt? Ah, poor Ægypt! She
Must smile howe'er the world runs. Ha!—But, sir,

We have no leisure now; to-morrow, if
You seek, on state affairs, an audience——
Antony. How!
I'm all amaze:

CÆSARION *enters.*

Cleop. Cæsarion! My dear child!
Come hither, boy, and fear not. How!—look up;
'Tis but a Roman soldier, sirrah, and you
Are—son to Cleopatra.
Antony. T' whom beside?
You'd better tell him all.
Cleop. I will: and yet
I will not. No; it is enough he is
The queen of Ægypt's son, sir. If he lives
He'll know in time (I'll whisper it) that he
Sprung from a hero; but his fiery blood
Will tell the secret to his heart, though I
Should fail to do 't.
Antony. Begone!
Cleop. Cæsarion, stay!
My lord, you are too free. Oh! frown not: You
Stand in the palace of the Ptolemies,
And I am mistress there. These manners do
Not suit me; are—are they from Italy?
Antony. By all the gods!
Cleop. Now go, Cæsarion. [Cæs. exit.

Dear boy; how like his father—Ah! you will
Not strike me, valiant sir?

Antony. Oh! that you were
A man—a soldier—fifty—with the souls
Of a hundred swart Egyptians. By my sword!

Cleop. You'd sheath it.

Antony. Away, away!—Have I, for thee,
Forgot Octavia: left my place at home,
Heedless of safety, of renown, (ah! shame,)
For *thee*, thou fickle and insidious queen?
Have I not left my seat of thunder, where
Though but a Roman triumvir, kings have not dared
Come, but at humble distance?—Cleopatra!
Is it because I have abandoned all
For thee that thou disdain'st me? Perjur'd queen!
What would'st thou? Does not half the mortal world
Kneel in thy chains? and still thou art insatiate:
By Mars! I am betrayed.

Cleop. Oh! no, no, no. [*Rising.*
Oh! Antony, Antony! Come, and on my heart
Press thou thy palm, and feel if the beatings there
Tell of the soul's sedition. Antony!
And hast thou left Octavia, and—for me?
Oh! my own warrior, now forgive, forgive,
That I did play the churl, and seem to doubt
Thy constant mind: my husband! Antony!

Antony. Ah! wayward queen!

Cleop. No more.

Antony. And jealous?

Cleop. Nay,

Pity me, for I thought——

Antony. Fool! I am come

At last.

Cleop. Thanks to the skiey deities.

Away, good Iras: we will feast to night,

As though the globe were conquered: let there be

Fires, and high votive altars raised throughout

The city: and let Juno's temple blaze

As if her husband's lightnings were impressed

To do as service. We'll do't royally:

Shall we not, mighty Antony? [*Laughing.*

Antony. Nobly, sweet.

Now thou'rt my queen again: and dost become

Joy—Oh! as Dian honours chastity:

Or as Jove's bird, among the mountain storms,

Becomes his throned hill; or bloody Mars

The rage of battle; or—Ha! who comes here?

DOMITIUS *enters.*

Cleop. Welcome to Ægypt, sir. Domitius has

Forgot his Ægyptian colour; look! my lord.

Take heed, sir; there is one I know who loves

To see the sun upon you.

Dom. Thanks, great queen.

Cleop. I hate the Italian paleness! are your ladies

As pale as you are now? Tell me, sir: nay——

My lord here likes the sickly white.

Antony. No, no.

Cleop. Now, does he not, Domitius?

Antony. Mind her not.

Cleop. There was a fair girl that I've heard he loved
At Rome, once—Cytheris, Cytheris, that was she.
Domitius, was she lovely?

Antony. Oh! a beauty.

Dom. She was a rare wench; a sweet woman: Jove!
What a foot she had; and her round arm seem'd as
'Twas shaped from ivory. By Venus, she
Had not her match in Rome. Her soft blue eyes——

Cleop. My lord is fond of black: are you not, love?
Speak out, my lord: there's no one to offend.
Oh! Isis, he forgets—he knows not which.
Domitius, tell him of this creature; this—
With her dull blue eyes, and pretty milk-white face,
On which he doated so.

Dom. Nay, she *was* fair.

Cleop. You said so, sir, before—I thank you. But
You were a youth then, were you not, my lord?
Had never been in Ægypt, where the skies
Show'r down a summer colour on our cheeks,
And fill the eyes with light. Now, can you boast
Of Roman hearts like ours?

Dom. No, madam, no.
They make us run to catch 'em. Here, the women
Are kinder: much.

Cleop. I knew it.

Dom. Aye : they'll give
More than we want at times.
Antony. No more, no more.
He's left a love in Italy, my queen,
And rails at sun-burnt Ægypt ; so forgive him.
Had he been warmed by Cleopatra's smile,
And won her love imperial ; had he worn
The last flower of the Ptolemies on his breast,
And fed upon its fragrance, till his soul
Grew almost sick with sweets—as I have, dear,
He'd tell a different story : but I now
Must give directions 'bout the ambassadors.
I'll follow you, Domitius. [Domitius *exit*
Cleop. Be not long
Absent, my lord. You will not ? I will be
Here an hour hence.
Antony. To night we—
Cleop. Oh ! we'll have
A night of wonder. Not a slave shall droop
In Ægypt : we'll spread happiness 'round, and be
As fertile in our bounties as the Nile.
Your gloomy Saturn shall forget to frown
For one brave night, and light his lamp afresh ;
And Bacchus shall be crowned, and all the gods
Of Rome shall mix with Lybian deities.
The sooty Æthiop, in his chains no more,
Shall crush the purple grape, and laugh and drink
A health to Cleopatra : Love and long health to

The mighty Antony: United healths
To Ægypt's queen and Roman Antony.
Antony. It shall be as you please.
Cleop. And as *you* please.
Antony. 'Twill be the same. Fair Venus!—
Cleop. Oh! forgot:
Haste, Charmian! haste, and bid my women go
And strip the gardens of the hanging rose;
(The *red* rose, gentle Charmian, for it is
The emblem of warm love:) and rear every where
In lonely spots, and sweet sequester'd arbours,
By streaming brooks, and lonely lulling fountains,
Altars to Cytherea. And burn there
Lamps of perfumed oil, (but few; for love
Is holy, and abhors the glaring light:)
And we will kneel, and thank the queen of beauty
That Antony is safe.
Antony. There is no time
For this, sweet!
Cleop. Oh! yes, yes. And *I* will kneel
Alone, and 'neath the soft and silvery light
Of Hesperus, tell to every whistling bough
What music's in the *name* of Antony;
Until each quivering leaf shall stay its noise
To catch the word harmonious. Oh! and then,
When I my vows have paid, I will be crowned;
Not as the Nilus' queen, but on my brow,
(Sweet Cytherea, how I love thee!) I

Will have a crown of Love's own flow'rs; so sweet
That Zephyr shall mistake his nymph, and woo
Me with his faint and witching numbers; and I—
And *I*— will then disdain the fluttering god,
And cast me in the arms of Antony. [*Embraces him.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

Pistol. Thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Henry V.

THE BROKEN HEART.

[This sketch is founded upon a tale of Boccaccio. The story is this:—Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years, his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl, (Sylvestra,) with whom he had been brought up from his infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and, after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her, (her husband being asleep,) and, at last, died on the bed before her.]

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

JERONYMO. HIS MOTHER.

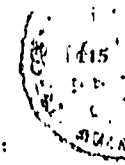
Mother. Pr'ythee, take comfort, child; why, how you look . .
Speak, dear Jeronymo!

Jeron. You have done this?

Mother. 'Twas for your good.

Jeron. Oh! mother, mother,—you
Have broke the fondest heart in Italy.
My good; what's that? Is't good that I shall die:

Is 't good that I shall pine, and waste away,
And shrink within my natural compass, and
In melancholy idlesse, haunt the nest
Where my white dove lies guarded——
Mother. Patience—nay.
Jeron. Until I die, good mother? I *shall* die
(Mark me, and think my words a prophecy,)
Before you, day by day.——My head feels light:
But then my heart's gone, so it matters not.
Sylvestra! sweet Sylvestra!
Mother. Name her not.
Oh! she's the cause of all our sorrow: child!
You must not think of her now.
Jeron. No? not now?
Mother. No; for she's married.
Jeron. Ha, ha, ha! good mother!
Shame! at your time to jest.
Mother. I told you this
Before; she's married—*married*.
Jeron. Pshaw! I know it:
Am I not—broken hearted?
Mother. Oh! sweet heavens!
Jeronymo!
Jeron. Well.
Mother. Why do you talk thus?
So strangely, dear, to me? my own boy—think
On me, sweet.
Jeron. Surely: for you thought of me,



Even in absence: therefore I'll be grateful,
And do you a good turn mother, pray believe 't:
I'll make you heir of all my father's lands,
Chattels, and gold, and floating argosies,
With not a widow or child to share 'em with you:
Here's gratitude. I'll swear 't: By noisy Jove,
Red Mars, and bearded Saturn——

Mother. Pr'ythee cease.

Jeron. Oh! you're grown modest since my father died,
And will not court the gods. By Venus then,
(You'll like her, for she—cheated all the world.)
Or Juno, radiant Juno! she took note
Of great Jove's pranks when absent; and, you know,
Strangled the innocent passion love, at times,
And marred poor damsels' happiness—as you did:
By—

Mother. Do not talk thus. Oh! if not for me,
For your dear father's sake, Jeronymo,
Spare me.

Jeron. My father? out, alas! he's dead.

Mother. He temper'd the warm feelings of his heart
(Which else, perhaps, had led to strife or ruin)
By draughts of that divine philosophy——

Jeron. Aye, that's the drink I love. At Paris, madam,
There we had flasks on 't; cork'd as tight as though
It were a conjuror's secret, and I drank,
And drank, and drank, the livelong day and night,
And chew'd the bitter laurel for my food,

Whose roots are water'd, as the poets tell,
By the immortal wells of Castaly.
I wish'd for ambrosia, but the gods are grown
Economists, and hoard it for the good
And great in after times.

Mother. Alas! alas!

Jeron. Why that looks well.

Mother. What?

Jeron. Oh! to see you weep,
Although your husband died so long ago.

Mother. I do not weep for him.

Jeron. Not weep for him?
Then shame seal up your mouth. Was he not kind
And good? you told me so: and yet you weep not:
Weep you for widowhood? Oh! you may gain
Another husband yet.

Mother. I do not wish 't.
I cannot match the last.

Jeron. You cannot, madam.
No, though you gaze when Hesper comes, until
The last star sinks below the western heavens,
You cannot match him. Oh! he was a man
How few there are such! and how he did joy
To mark his look in my poor sickly face,
And lov'd and did caress me as I had been
Fair as the god Apollo; but he died:
And how he fear'd, (do you remember that?)
Lest I should sink, and leave no name behind me

No child who might inherit, and transmit
Our noble name to far posterity:
Do you remember this, good mother? I
Am the last scion of a gracious tree,
And you—aye, *you* have struck me to the root,
And withered all my branches. Now, farewell.
Sylvestra!——Mighty mother, you have broke
Your wand at last.

Mother. Farewell, farewell.

Jerom. Farewell.

Yet stay—Ah! mother, bless you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Sylvestra's Chamber.*

JERONYMO, SYLVESTRA.

Jerom. So: all is hushed at last. Hist! There she lies,
Who should have been my own: Sylvestra!—No;
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?——Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond
Those bright creations, which the fabling Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas

Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis.
Sylvestra!

Sylv. Ha! who's there?

Jeron. 'Tis I.

Sylv. Who is 't?

Jeron. Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?
Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now!
Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—you know me not?
Alas!

Sylv. Begone. I'll wake my husband, if
You tread a step: begone.

Jeron. Jeronymo!

Sylv. Ha! speak.

Jeron. Jeronymo.

Sylv. Oh!

Jeron. Hide your eyes:
Aye, hide them, married woman! lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.

Sylv. Not me.

Jeron. Yes—
Loved you like life; like heaven and happiness.
Lov'd you and kept your name against his heart,
(Ill boding amulet) 'till death.

Sylv. Alas!

Jeron. And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts
Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights
To stand, and point their rattling finger at
The red moon as it rose; (perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high.) Some their loan arms have stretch'd
'Tween murderers and their victims: Some have laugh'd
Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.

Sylv. You will not harm me?

Jeron. Why should I not?—No, no poor girl! I come not
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage, I
Have lov'd too well for that. Had you but lov'd—

Sylv. I did, I did!

Jeron. Away—My brain is well:
(Though late 'twas hot.) You lov'd! away, away.
This to a dying man?

Sylv. Oh! you will live
Long, aye, and happily: will wed perhaps—

Jeron. Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra! you and I
Were children here some few short springs ago,
And lov'd like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.
I still remember how your delicate foot
Tripped on the lawn, at vintage-time, and how,

When others ask'd you, you would only give
Your hand to me.

Sylv. Alas! Jeronymo.

Jeron. Aye, that's the name: you had forgot.

Sylv. Oh! no.

Can I forget the many hours we've spent,
When care had scarce began to trouble us?
How we were wont, on Autumn nights, to stray,
Counting the clouds that pass'd across the moon—

Jeron. Go on.

Sylv. And figuring many a shape grotesque;
Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plum'd and helm'd;
All in the blue sky floating.

Jeron. What is this?

Sylv. I thought you lik'd to hear of it.

Jeron. I do.

Sylv. Then wherefore look so sadly?

Jeron. Fair Sylvestra!
Can I do aught to comfort you?

Sylv. Away,
You do forget yourself.

Jeron. Not so. Can I
Do aught to serve you? Speak! my time is short,
For death has touch'd me.

Sylv. Now you're jesting.

Jeron. Girl!

Now, I am—dying. Oh! I feel my blood
Ebb slowly; and before the morning sun
Visits your chamber through those trailing vines,
I shall lie here, (here in your chamber,) dead.
Dead, dead, dead, dead: Nay, shrink not.

Sylv. Pr'ythee go.
You fright me.

Jeron. Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra:
I will but tell you, you have used me harshly,
(That is not much,) and—die: nay, fear me not.
I would not chill, with this decaying touch,
That bosom where the blue veins wander 'round,
As if enamoured and loth to leave their homes
Of beauty: nor should this thy white cheek fade
From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch:
Look at me. Why, the winds sing through my bones,
And children jeer me, and the boughs that wave
And whisper loosely in the summer air,
Shake their green leaves in mockery: as to say
"These are the longer livers"

Sylv. How is this?

Jeron. I've numbered eighteen summers. Much may lie
In that short compass; but *my* days have been
Not happy. Death was busy with our house
Early, and nipped the comforts of my home,
And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies (like
Bright but delusive stars) came wandering by me.
There's one you know of: that—no matter—that

Drew me from out my way, (a perilous guide,)
And left me sinking. I had gay hopes too,
What needs the mention,—they are vanished.
Sylv. I—
I thought,—speak softly for my husband sleeps,
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And never sent nor asked of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.
Jeron. Speak again.
Was't so indeed?
Sylv. Indeed, indeed.
Jeron. Then be it.
Yet, what had I done fortune that she could
Abandon me so entirely. Never mind't:
Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.
Sylv. Alas, alas!
Jeron. Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed on flowers.
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear; no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe

A mother could do this? but let it pass.
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy.
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came
And found you—married: Then—

Sylv. Alas!

Jeron. Then I
Grew moody, and at times I fear my brain
Was fever'd: but I could not die, Sylvestra!
And bid you no farewell.

Sylv. Jeronymo!
Break not my heart thus: They—they did deceive me.
They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajol'd, and then—I married.

Jeron. Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter?

Jeron. Soft! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet! Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill 't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra!
Oh!

Sylv. Pity me!

Jeron. So I do.

Sylv. Then talk not thus;
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

Jeron. Jest?
Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you: On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy and love and hope,
And gain'd this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: Its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.

Sylv. Why, now you're cheerful.

Jeron. Yes; 'tis thus I'd die.

Sylv. Now *I* must smile.

Jeron. Do so, and I'll smile too.
I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,
Farewell. Sylvestra! where's your hand?

Sylv. Ah! cold.

Jeron. 'Tis so; but scorn it not, my own poor girl:
They've used us hardly: Bless 'em though. Thou wilt
Forgive them? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air:
Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are numb'd:
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me. [*Dies.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A DREAM.

[This is merely the recollection of an actual dream.]

The night was gloomy. Through the skies of June
Rolled the eternal moon,
'Midst dark and heavy clouds that bore
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seemed
Nourished among the wonders of the deep,
And wilder than the poet ever dreamed:
And there were cars—steeds with their proud necks bent—
Tower,—and temple,—and broken continent:
And all, as upon a sea,
In the blue ether floated silently.

I lay upon my bed and sank to sleep:
And then I fancied that I rode upon
The waters, and had power to call
Up people who had lived in ages gone,
And scenes and stories half forgot—and all
That on my young imagination
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.
And ever by me a broad current passed
Slowly, from which at times up started
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last
I bade the billows render up their dead,
And all their wild inhabitants; and I
Summoned the spirits who perished,
Or took their stations in the starry sky,
When Jove himself bowed his Saturnian head
Before the One Divinity.

First—I saw a landscape fair
Towering in the clear blue air,
Like Ida's woody summits, and sweet fields,
Where all that Nature yields
Flourishes. Three proud shapes were seen,
Standing upon the green
Like Olympian queens descended.
One was unadorned, and one
Wore her golden tresses bound
With simple flowers; the third was crowned,
And from amidst her raven hair,

Like stars, imperial jewels shone.
——Not one of those figures divine
But might have sate in Juno's chair,
And smiled in great equality
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken;
Or, with superior aspect, taken
From Hebe's hand nectarean wine.
And that Dardanian boy was there
Whom pale Œnone loved: his hair
Was black, and curl'd his temples 'round;
His limbs were free and his forehead fair,
And, as he stood on a rising ground,
And back his dark locks proudly tossed,
A shepherd-youth he looked, but trod
On the green sward like a god:
Most like Apollo when he played,
('Fore Midas,) in the Phrygian shade,
With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

And now from out the watery floor
A city rose, (and well she wore
Her beauty,) and stupendous walls,
And towers that touched the stars, and halls
Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence
Palace on lofty palace sprung;
And over all rich gardens hung,
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,

Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers
Of Persia and of Araby,
Walked princely shapes: some with an air
Like warriors, some like ladies fair
Listening, and, amidst all, the king
Nebuchadnezzar rioting
In supreme magnificence.
——This was famous Babylon.

That glorious vision passed on.
And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh
That still grow where the bright-eyed muses walked:
And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talked
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.
And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,
And radiant with his diadem of snow,
Crowned Olympus: and the hills below
Looked like inferior spirits tending round
His mighty supremacy; and a sound
Went rolling onwards through the sunny calm,
As if immortal voices then had spoken,
And, with rich noises, broken
The silence which that holy place had bred.
I knelt—and as I knelt, lushly in token
Of thanks, there fell a honeyed shower of balm,
And the imperial mountain bowed his hoary head.

And then came one who on the Nubian sands
Perish'd for love; and with him the wanton queen
Egyptian, in her state was seen;
And how she smiled, and kissed his willing hands,
And said she would not love, and swore to die,
And laughed upon the Roman Antony.
Oh, matchless Cleopatra! never since
Has one, and never more
Shall one like thee tread on the Egypt shore,
Or lavish such royal magnificence:
Never shall one laugh love or die like thee,
Or own so sweet a witchery:
And, brave Mark Antony, that thou could'st give
Half the wide world to live
With that enchantress, did become thee well;
For Love is wiser than Ambition.——
Queen and thou, lofty triumvir, fare ye well.

And then I heard the sullen waters roar,
And saw them cast their surf upon the strand,
And then, rebounding toward some far-seen land,
They washed and washed its melancholy shore.
And the terrific spirits, bred
In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,
Rose up like giants from their watery bed,
And shook their silver hair against the stars.
Then, bursts like thunder—joyous outcries wild—

Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,
And music, like the lulling noise that comes
From nurses when they hush their charge to sleep,
Came in confusion from the deep.
Methought one told me that a child
Was that night unto the great Neptune born;
And then old Triton blew his curled horn,
And the Leviathan lashed the foaming seas,
And the wanton Nereides
Came up like phantoms from their coral halls,
And laughed and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,
Till all the fury of the ocean broke
Upon my ear.——————I trembled and awoke.

CROMWELL.

Somewhat apart, but undistinguish'd all
From those around, sate Cromwell. In his eye
Collected, peered deceit: yet withal blazed
A stern and steady fire: half hypocrite
And zealot half was he, and had become
But that the dawning light then shone, perchance
A dark inquisitor, and fit to share
Those works of fire, whereby the cowled monk
Was wont convince the writhing heretic.
At last he slowly rose.—Silent at first
He stood as night: gloomy his brow, but touch'd
And elevate by fanatic flame, that rose
Far from the heart. Like some dark rock, whose rifts
Hold nitrous grain, whereon the lightning fires
Have glanced, and left a pale and livid light,
So he, some corporal nerve being struck, stood there
Glaring, but cold and pitiless.—Even hope,
(The brightest angel whom the heavens have given
To lead and cheer us onwards) shrank aghast
From that stern look despairing.

A HAUNTED STREAM

'Of objects all inanimate I make
'Idol.' *B. J.*

It is perhaps a fable: yet the hind
Tells it with reverence, and at times I deem
The tale allied to truth. They say you brook
That circles with its silver arms that grove
Of forest trees, is—haunted: nay, you smile;
But I was born beside it, and through life,
Aye, 'midst the jarrings of this bitter world,
In pain, in calumny, my mind hath dwelt
Upon this stream, as on some holy thought.
See where it wanders from its mossy cave,
And toward the dark wood, like a bashful thing
Surprised, runs trembling as for succour. Look!
Such streams as this so did Dian love, and such
Naiads of old frequented. Still its face

Is clear as truth, and yet—it roams like error.
In former times, rivers were celebrate.
One told how Achelöus dived beneath
Sicilian seas, to meet his nymph divine,
The blue Arethusa; one ('the loftiest') sung
The rough Scamander, oh, and how he rushed
And mingled with Troy fight; and some did tell
Of Aganippe's fount; of Hippocrene,
And Simois, and 'immortal Castaly.'

Come then, my stream, and I will sing of thee:
Worthy from beauty, oh! but worthier far
From sweet associate pleasures. Thou to me
Art like the glass of memory, where the mind
Sees, charmed and softened by thy murmuring, things
It elsewhere dare not dream of; things that fled
With early youth, and went—one knew not whither:
Shadows forgot, and hope that perished——
—Beautiful river! on thy banks remote
Still does the half-sunned primrose waste its sweets,
And that pale flower that seeks the valley, (white
Like purity) comes forth; blue violets,
The wild-brier-rose, and spotted daisies, which
The young year scatters on the sward, and all
That June or April love, or Autumn spares
Amidst her golden bounty live unhurt.
Here, on May mornings, you may hear the Thrush
Pour from his silver throat sweet music; and,

'Neath summer stars the nightingale—(for she
Is queen of all earth's choristers, and holds
Acquaintance with the evening winds, which waft her
Sweet tidings from the rose.) The stockdove here
Breathes her deep note complaining, 'till the air
Seems touch'd, and all the woods and hollows, sighing,
Prolong the sound to sadness. Hark! a noise.

Song.

Look upon these 'yellow sands,'
Coloured by no mortal hands;
Look upon this grassy bank,
Crown'd with flow'rs and osiers dank,
Whereon the milk-white heifers feed:
(White as if of Io's breed.)
Look upon these glassy waters,
Where earth's loveliest daughters
Bathe their limbs and foreheads fair,
And wring their dark and streaming hair.

Hark, if on summer nights you stray,
When rolls the bright and orbed moon
Thro' the sultry skies of June,
You will see the Spirits play,
And all the Fays keep holiday.
Think not that 'tis but a dream;

For I (the Naiad of the stream)
Have often by the pale moonlight,
Seen them dancing, joyous, light.
Some, heedless of the midnight hours,
Laugh, and 'wake the sleeping flowers:
Some on water-lilies lie,
And down the wave float silently:
Some, in circles flying,
Beat with their tiny wings the air,
And rouse the zephyr when he's dying:
Some tumble in the fountain's spray,
And in the lunar rainbows play:
All seem as they were free from care.
—Yet, *One* there was, who at times would stray,
As on her breast some sorrow weighed,
And rest her in the pine-tree shade;
(The blue-eyed queen Titania;)
She, from very grief of heart,
Would from the revels oft depart,
And, like a shooting sun-beam, go
To where the Tigris' waters shine,
Or the Cashmere roses blow,
Or where the fir-clad Appenine
Frowns darkly on Italian skies,
Or where, 'neath Summer's smile divine,
Tydoré's spicy forests rise.
—But hark! my master Ocean calls,
And I must hie to his coral halls.

What think you now?—Believe the spirit; and own
The place is haunted. On yon slanting tree
That dips its tresses in the wave, 'tis said
Poets have leant, and when the moon hath flung
Her bright smile on the quivering element,
Have thought a strange communion lived between
That planet and the stream. Perhaps a nymph
Of Dian's train, here, for her voice or beauty,
Was changed by some envious deity.
Whate'er it be, it well doth manifest
The lives of those who dwell around it: Calm,
And undisturbed its current, never chafed
By the rude breeze, it flows on till—'tis lost.
But I have sailed upon a stormier wave,
And, in my course of life, dark shoals were hid,
And rocks arose, and thundering currents clashed;
Like when the mighty rivers of the West
Meet the tempestuous seas; but still I lived,
And held my way undaunted. Now, I come
To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,
And bush and fragrant flower and hilly path,
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense, is—my friend; for I
Did make acquaintance with inanimate things
In very boyhood, and did love to break
With shouts the mountain silence, and to hang
O'er flashing torrents, when the piny boughs
Shook their dark locks, and plained in mournful tones

Mysterious, to the barren wilderness;
And still in solitary spots my soul
Resumes its youth.——Think not that this is all
An idle folly; he who can draw a joy
From rocks, or woods, or weeds, or things that seem
All mute, and does't—is wise.

STANZAS.

I.

I have liv'd many seasons: and I stand
Nor low nor lofty on this world at last:
Yet, with some hope (which I cannot withstand)
I shall not wholly bow me to the blast,
Nor, all unknown, like a base weed be cast
Away, and wither in my wint'ry grave,
Shunning in the soil that fed me: For the past—
'Tis gone: and 'twould be idle now to rave
Of wasted hours, or mourn: I am not folly's slave.

II.

Yet, like a pestilence, despondence hung
Upon the spirit of my prime. In vain
I sought for cure: like wasting fire it clung
Against my heart: it struck upon my brain.
Then, like a lion bursting from his chain,
(For I was not the *fool* of phantasy)
I rush'd away, and rid me of my pain;
And, with that courage that becomes the free,
Stood on the verge again: safe—for at liberty.

III.

In deep embowering woods I built my home,
For Nature nurses best the sickly mind;
And when Apollo thro' my leafy dome
Came visiting, I rose: at eve, reclined,
I caught strange secrets from the wispering wind,
That with its cooling freshness bath'd my head
As with Olympian dews: 'twas then my mind
Gather'd its powers, and sickly visions fled.
I stood like a man new born—recover'd from the dead.

IV.

It is upon the mountains—the vast sea—
That we hear Nature's language: 'tis the tide
Which rolls for ever, speaks 'Eternity:'
The hills declare she is to Heaven allied,
And in the thunder comes her voice of pride:
Her mirror is the lake: her garb the field
With all the colours of the Iris dyed:
Somewhat of mighty moment doth she yield
From every part. To me, her *soul* she hath revealed

V.

For I did woo her in my early youth,
And sought the marvels of her lonely ways;
And often in those fountain depths, where truth
Springs from its parent source, I loved to gaze,
And watch'd its many wanderings, where it strays
The world's rude rocks, and 'wildering woods among;
And where the elemental lightnings blaze
I've trod—aye, stood above 'em, while along
The precipice they play'd, wild, glittering, and strong.

VI.

I've roamed amongst the eternal Alps. I've stood
And gazed upon the diminish'd world below;
Marking, at frightful distance, field and flood
And spire and town, like things of pigmy show,
Shrink into nothing: while those peaks of snow
(While yet the winds themselves but seldom climb)
Arose like giants from the void below,
But fashion'd all for everlasting time:
Imperishable things—unstain'd, as 'twere, by crime.

VII.

Oh, ye unbending Glaciers! If ye be
Aught more than human view may contemplate—
If on your crowned heads the Deity
Rests his bright foot eternal, when in state
He bends arrayed in lightnings; consecrate
Then stand for ever. Perchance your heaven-ward look
Infused such feeling, strong and elevate,
That madness in the soul's bright temple shook.
Silent ye pointed high. I read as from a book.

VIII.

Sacred *ye are*. The very eye of God
Darts roses on ye as it shuts at even.
The earthquake on your breast hath never trod;
Nor in vast fragments have your limbs been riven;
Nor through your heart the red volcano driven,
That foams in lava-cataracts from its bound;
Or flings its blazing columns up to heaven,
Sinking in darkening ashes on the ground.
Thus Hecla, Etna feel; and all, save ye, around.

IX.

And oh! thou viewless Spirit, who dost breathe
Life on the world: whose home is on the seas,
And plains, and mountain summits, and beneath
This earth; whose couriers are the storm and breeze;
Whose children, the gay birds—the beast—the trees,
And we (the monarchs of mortality)
And whatsoe'er hath being. That thou didst please
To draw from me the mind's calamity,
I thank thee. Thou hast given the world *again* to me.

X.

Yêr not alone with Alpine heights my soul
Communed in silence: 'Twas from forests deep—
The everlasting ocean, that doth roll
Bursting in thundering billows 'gainst the steep;
The rainbow, that when summer vapours weep,
Arches the sky; the free and sightless wind:
The Moon, the Sun, and (last) those fires that keep
Nightly their starry watch. From all, my mind
Caught light, and strength, and joy—to no one aid confined.

XI.

And there I met two men. One had I seen
In boyhood mix in many an idle game;
Since when his hand had gathered laurels green
For his own brows, and on the scroll of fame
Had written his imperishable name;
Amidst the golden characters that lie
Distinguishable there—Ev'n as the flame
Of noon or sun burns out conspicuously
Amongst the stars that crowd the bosom of the sky.

XII.

Upon his beautiful forehead scarce was sitting,
And weariness and woe; and o'er his eye
Shadows of dim tumultuous thought were flitting
And passions, which are buried ere they die,
Exorcised by the enchantress Memory
From their dark grave—the heart. But quickly these
Like clouds of rain in summer, passed by;
And then he wantoned with the mountain breeze,
And with the soft mysterious music of the trees.

XIII.

Held frequent talk, like some familiar spirit.
And his companion young would join him then,
And tell how mortal creature might inherit
Etherial essence *here*, and haply again
(Though like a world-abandoned denizen)
Expand into that finer element,
Whate'er it be, that fills the frames of men
With their incomparable light. Intent
Upon that theory sublime his soul was bent.

XIV.

And who may tell (though I believe it not)
But that the soul by meditation may
Plume its white wings, and from its grosser lot
Spring, like a thing immortal, far away;
Or, as the white Alps mount and meet the day,
Accumulate upon its airy head
Thoughts that fine spirits have bequeathed, ere they
Lay down in silence on their wormy bed,
And conquer that chill voice which summons us to the dead.

XV.

I've seen the setting sun, there—oh! how weak
My verse to tell what flash'd across my sight.
Green, blue, and burning red, was every streak
Like rainbow-beams, but trebly, trebly bright;
The earth, the air, the heavens, were living light:
My vision was absorbed. I trembled—then
Softening his glance, and sinking in his might,
The Sun slow faded from the eyes of men,
And died away. Ne'er have I seen the like again.

XVI.

Yet have I lain in many a leafy nook
Sequester'd, hiding from the summer beam:
Idling, or haply with that charmed book
Writ by the Avon side; and loved to dream
Of pale Cordelia, gentle Imogene:
Or, on some brook that slid, *like guilt*, away,
Hurrying the pilfered mosses down its stream,
Pondered, and often at the close of day
Gazed on the coming Moon, and felt, perchance, her sway.

XVII.

It is in high, remoter scenes, that we
Become sublim'd, yet humble: there we learn
That still beyond us spreads—Infinity:
And we still—clay: or, all admiring, turn
To where those characters of beauty burn,
Which God hath printed on the starry skies:
And haply guess why we alone may learn
The world's vast wonders: why alone our eyes
See far: why we alone have such proud sympathies.

XVIII.

For with creation and its marvels none
Save we, can hold communion. On the earth
Are many stately footsteps, and the Sun
Shines on eyes bright as ours: yet hath our birth
(Holy) shed 'round us an immortal worth,
Beyond the rest: though with the rest we fade,
And are encircled by as frail a girth
To life, as they: and in the deadly shade
Wither as quick, and are as loathsome when decayed.

XIX.

But while we live, the air, the fruit, the flower,
Doth own to *us* a high, superior charm;
And the soul's radiance in our wint'ry hour
Flings a sweet summer halo round us, warm.
And then, the multitudinous things that swarm
From the brain's secret cells, and never die,
(Though mortal born.) Oh! for that boasted balm
Of life, to raise the mighty when they lie
Wrecks, both in frame and mind—common mortality.

XX.

Seems it not hard, that they whose spirits have
Engendered and matured such thoughts sublime,
And lived but for the world, must in the grave
At last sink like the things of folly—crime,
Ere yet the soul hath blossom'd in its prime?
For who may tell how high the labouring thought
Might reach, if giv'n to live till after-time:
And what a pyramid it might build, how fraught
With treasures, but from time and meditation caught.

THE MAGDALEN.

'And Woman who had wept her loveliest dower,
'There hid her broken heart.' *Paris*, st. 18

I DO remember it. 'Twas such a face
As Guido would have lov'd to dwell upon;
But oh! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which once she did desert) I saw her last;
Propped up by pillows, swelling round her like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
Her faded figure.—I observed her well:
Her brow was fair, but *very* pale, and look'd
Like stainless marble; a touch methought would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy hand
Branched like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
A flush of beautiful vermilion,
But more like art than nature; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted. I saw her not
Again. She died; and many an eye wept over her.
Let this sketch be her epitaph.

WISHES.

Now, give me but a cot that's good,
In some great town's neighbourhood:
A garden, where the winds may play
Fresh from the blue hills far away,
And wanton with such trees as bear
Their loads of green through all the year,
Laurel, and the ly jumper:
So may some friends, whose social talk
I love, there take their evening walk
And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
Where the morning sun may come,
Stored with books of poesy,
Tale, science, old morality,
Fable, and divine history,
Ranged in separate cases round,
Each with living marble crowned;
Here should Apollo stand, and there
The bust of Isis, with her sweeping hair;
Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
Or the wing'd Mercurius,

Or some that Conquest lately brought
From the land Italian.
And one I'd have, whose heaving breast
Should rock me nightly to my rest,
By holy chains bound fast to me,
Faster by Love's sweet sorcery.
I would not have my beauty as
Juno or Paphian Venus was,
Or Dian with her crested moon,
(Else, haply, she might change as soon,)
Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
Or she who set the world on flame,
Spartan Helen, who did leave
Her husband-king to grieve,
And fled with Priam's shepherd-boy,
And caused the mighty tale of Troy.

She should be a woman who
(Graceful without much endeavour)
Could praise or excuse all I do;
And love me ever.
I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
White as the white soul within;
And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
Which the great soul looketh through,
Like heaven's own gates cerulean.
And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
As did of old Pygmalion.

FLOWERS.

THERE the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season, comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star:
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy troddan down like modesty:
The fox glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the narcissus (named
From him who died for love), the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.

SERENADE.—(TWILIGHT.)

THE western skies are no longer gay,
For the sun of the summer has died away,
Yet left no gloom:
For ere the Spirit of heaven went,
He strung night's shadowy instrument,
And hung on every leaf perfume.

To each sweet breeze that haunts the world,
And sleeps by day in the rose-leaf curled,
A warmth he gave:
He has left a life in these marble halls,
And beauty on yon white waterfalls,
And still at his bidding these dark pines wave.

Rich is the sun with his golden hair,
And his eye is too bright for man to bear;
And when he shrouds
His brow in vapour, and all the west
Strews gold, as to welcome a kingly guest,
He looks like a god on his throne of clouds.

Yet—*I* know an eye as bright as his,
And a smile more soft, and lips of bliss,
Oh! lovelier far:
And an arm as white as the milk-white dove,
And a bosom all warm and rich with love,
And a heart—as the hearts of angels are.

She listens now to my wild guitar,
And she hides her behind yon lattice bar;
(A girl's delight.)
Yet she never will let me linger long,
But comes and rewards my twilight song,
And treats her love with—a kiss by night.

TO ——————

Beauty! never more shalt thou
  Gently speak unto me,
  Nor thy smile undo me:
(I may tell thy witchery now.)

Like the lips of love
  Came thy sweet caressing,
  Grateful as a sudden breezing,
Falling from the skies above.

And is thy beauty gone —
  And thy voice departed?
  And is thy bright eye bright no more
Oh! why were we for ever parted?

Thou art lying now alone,
  Chained in thy lasting sleep,
  In those low chambers of the deep,
  Where sea-nymphs are dreaming,
  And the under-waters streaming
Silently by the coral shore.

And not a wind that wantons here
With the upper billow,
Can reach thee on thy sandy pillow:
So thou wilt slumber quiet, dear.

Thou wast buried nobly; all
The elements in their pomp attended,
And their various music blended
To grace thy funeral.

The thunder muttered along the sky,
And the lightning lit his torch on high;
The tempest blew his trumpet o'er thee,
And the ocean rose and sunk before thee,
And its mountains roared harmoniously.

For me, I do believe that we
Shall meet again in after days,
And I shall, once more, see
The smile I used to praise,
And touch the roses of those lips,
And in the splendour of thine eye,
(Now shrouded in a cold eclipse,)
Bask as beneath the sunny sky.
I would not lose the thought that flies
By me, that I shall see thee, dear!

In the bright bowers of paradise,
As sweet (no more) as thou wast here,
For all the promised joys that man
Hath gathered—from the Ottoman.

A SONG.

I am silent now, my lyre,
For all thy master's fire
Is gone.—It vanquish'd like the summer sun.
Brightly the passion rose,
And, 'till its turbulent close,
It shone as bright; though all he wished was won.

Deem me not false, ye fair,
Who, with your golden hair
And soft eyes chain man's heart to yours: the deer
Thus bound by beauty's chain
Wanders not again:
Prisoner to love, like me—never to fear.

She whom I loved has fled;
And now with thy lost dead
I rank her: and the heart that loved her so,
(But could not bear her pride,)
In its own cell hath died,
And turned to dust,—but this she shall not know.

'Twould please her did she think
That my poor frame did shrink,
And waste and wither; and that Love's own light
Did blast its temple, where
'Twas worshipped many a year;
Veiled (like some holy thing) from human sight.

Oh! had you seen her, when
She languished, and the men
From the dark glancing of her fringed eye
Turned, but returned again
To mark the winding vein
Steal tow'rd her marbled bosom—silently.

What matters this?—thou Lyre,
Nothing shall o'er inspire
Thy master to rehearse those songs again:
She whom he loved is gone,
And he, now left alone,
Sings, when he sings of love, in vain, in vain.

TO A CHILD.

Fairest of Earth's creatures!
All thy innocent features
Moulded in beauty do become thee well.

Oh! may thy future years
Be free from pains, and fears,
False love, and others envy, and the guile
That lurks beneath a friendlike smile,
And all the various ills that dwell
In this so strange compounded world; and may
Thy look be like the skies of May,
Supremely soft and clear,
With, now and then, a tear
For joy, or others sorrows, not thy own.
And may thy sweet voice
Like a stream afar
Flow in perpetual music, and its tone
Be joyful and bid all who hear rejoice.
And may thy bright eye, like a star,
Shine sweet and cheer the hearts that love thee,
And take in all the beauty of the flowers,
Deep woods, and running brooks, and the rich sights
Which thou may'st note above thee
At noontide, or on interlunar nights,
Or when blue Iris, after showers,
Bends her cerulean bow, and seems to rest
On some distant mountain's breast.
Surpassing all the shapes that lie
Haunting the sun-set of an autumn sky.

WOMAN.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
—And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these Idols of life depart,
And love the more; and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

ROSAMUND GRAY. (A FRAGMENT.*)

ONCE—but she died—I knew a village girl
(Poor Rosamund Gray,) who, in my fancy, did
Surpass the deities you tell me of.
Haply you may have passed her; and indeed
Her beauty was not made for all observance,
If beauty it might be called. It was a sick
And melancholy loveliness, that pleased
But few; and somewhat of its charm, perhaps,
Owed to the lonely spot she dwelt in.—I
Knew her from infancy; a shy, sad girl;
And gossips when they saw her, oftentimes
Would tell her future fortunes. They would note
Her deep blue eyes, which seemed as they already
Had made fast friends with sorrow, and would say
Hers was an early fate; that she would pine
From grief—neglect—or cast her youth away
On love without requital.——She grew a woman:
Yet, when from some long absence I returned,
I knew again the pretty child I left.
Her hair of deepest chesnut, (that which once
Fell in thick shining clusters,) 'round a brow
Pale as Greek marble, wandered tastefully;
But still there were the same blue eyes, and still
Their melancholy splendour; bearing now
Proof of the gossip's prophecy.— — —

* The latter part of this Poem is lost.

SONNET.

To Michael Angelo.

Michael! thou was the mightiest spirit of all
Who taught or learned Italian art sublime:
And long shall thy renown survive the time
When Ruin to herself thy works shall call.
One only, (and he perished in his prime,)
Could mate with thee; and in one path alone.
Thou didst regenerate art; and from the stone
Started the breathing image, perfect, great;
And such as haply, in his after state,
Man shall attain: And thou could'st trace the rhyme
That lifts its parent to the skies, thus bending
To thy resistless powers the sisters three,
Painting, and Sculpture, and wing'd Poetry.
—Whom can I place beside thee—not descending?

SONNET.

To ———— (1817.)

Upon what pleasant slope, or sunny field,
Sweet, unforgotten girl, are you delaying?
Or are you with those sportive children playing,
Whose loveliness time has not quite revealed?
Or with that serious sister, who has sealed
Her nuptial bond in joy—are you arraying
Her, or your own dark hair hind'ring from straying
Down that white bosom vanity never steeled?
Or are you, in unostentatious duty,
Tending the kindest mother in the world,
Whose looks are fix'd on those blue eyes of beauty,
That shine as softly as a summer star?
Yet wherefore wish I the dim veil unfurled?
May joy go with you wheresoe'er you are.

SONNET.

Imagination.

Oh, for that winged steed, Bellerophon!
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace
And love for innocence, when thou did'st face
The treble-shaped Chimæra. But he is gone
That struck the sparkling spring from Helicon;
And never hath one risen in his place,
Stamped with the features of that mighty race.
Yet wherefore grieve I—seeing how easily
The plumed spirit may its journey take
Through yon blue regions of the middle air;
And note all things below that own a grace,
Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake,
And wander in the fields of Poesy,
Where avarice never comes, and seldom care.

SONNET.

Winter.

I LOVE to listen when the year grows old,
And noisy; like some weak life-wrinkled thing,
That vents his splenetic humours, murmuring
At ills he shares in common with the bold.
Then from my quiet room the Winter cold
Is barred out like a thief; but should one bring
A frozen hand, the which December's wing
Hath struck so fiercely, that he scarce can hold
The stiffened finger tow'rd the grate, I lend
A double welcome to the victim, who
Comes shivering, with pale looks, and lips of blue,
And through the snow and splashing rain could walk,
For some few hours of kind and social talk:
And deem him, more than ever, now—my friend.

SONNET.

A Fresh Morning.

It is a noisy morning: yet the sky
Looks down as bright as on a summer's day.
The ocean, curling as in wanton play,
Doth bare her bosom to Apollo's eye,
And every whispering wind that flutters by
Seems like a spirit charged to greet the day,
And duly hurries tow'rd the East—away:
For there the sun, seen o'er the mountains high,
Comes smiling on the world. The fruit, the flower,
Earth, heaven, the sea, and oh! the heart of man,
And all that came within HIS mighty plan
Fling back the glance in joy: And from her bower
The Spirit of *Meditation* comes, to see
All nature join in social jubilee.

THE END.

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